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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL OF SPORTING AND SENSATIONAL EVENTS

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HOW A WINE-ROOM SYREN LEARNED THE EXTENT OF A LOUD YOUNG MAN'S WEALTH—A SUIT OF CLOTHES THAT WAS NOT SO GOOD AS IT LOOKED—SEE PAGE 6.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

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RICHARD K. FOX, - - - Proprietor.

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Photographs and Sketches mailed to this paper exclusively, if made use of, will be liberally paid for. We also desire to obtain the name and address of each artist and photographer throughout the entire country.

CHIEF OF POLICE, Austin, Minn.—Thanks for kindness.

S. A. D., West Virginia.—Portrait will appear in our next issue.

M. T., Rochester, N. Y.—Yes; you can get both books at any news-stand, or at this office.

C. P. R., Sidney, O.—Item received too late for this number. Will be of use in the future.

H. S., Lockport, N. Y.—Photos of the members of the police force of your city will appear before long.

W. C. C., Chief of Police, Jacksonville, Fla.—Many thanks for your kindness. Will be pleased to return favor.

C. H., San Francisco.—Send us a portrait of the picture. We do not feel disposed to hunt through all the art galleries in this city, for it.

P. S., Troy, N. Y.—Are glad you have learned the difference between the two papers. The one mentioned is an imitation. Always get the genuine article.

T. M., Buffalo.—Portraits of the members of the famous Chicago Base Ball Club appeared in No. 155. You can always obtain any back number you desire by sending to this office.

C. L. M., Orange C. H., Va.—You can ascertain its worth as well as we can—if you happen across a curiosity hunter. We may take a week off and hunt one up for you. If successful, will be happy to let you know.

H. L. L., Brenham, Tex.—Every item sent by you we had obtained from the same source as yourself. Our facilities are as good as yours. Would you have us pay for what we can get for nothing? Some original descriptive article of life in your country would be acceptable.

ADMIRER OF THE STAGE.—"Footlight Favorites" has been published, and scored a hit at once. It is universally conceded to be one of the most complete works of the stage ever published. The 25 portraits contained in the book are worth ten times the price asked—30 cents. You will be delighted with it.

EXTERMINATE THE "QUACKS."

The father of the quacks now pokes his nose against prison bars and doubtless meditates on his past cussedness. How coward conscience must conjure up in his imagination the unnumbered souls who have gone to the unknown directly and indirectly through his instrumentality! Scattered abroad over the country the "quacks" whom he has clothed with the semblance of respectability and the means to earn their living by false pretenses are daily adding to the list. Happy homes are being blighted by their heartless system of medical practice.

It is one of those things which "no feller can find out," why the guardians of the public weal should be so lax in their duty to their fellow men. They are fully cognizant of the fact that these vampires are pursuing their traffic in human life, and yet they take no steps toward checking them. Let it be announced that a ship is coming to this port, and that one of its passengers has a contagious disease, prompt measures are taken to keep her back where she will do the least harm. And yet the authorities allow in their midst a class of scoundrels who promote contagion by false medical science, or rather ignorance of any science, save that of getting money at the expense of life!

The arrest and imprisonment of Dr. Buchanan is very creditable so far as it goes. He sold diplomas to any one who would buy. He knew that he was committing a crime in so doing. So did the purchasers, and they knew it was criminal for them to obtain their diplomas in that way. They started business on a criminal basis, with criminal intent, and they should be dealt with accordingly. They are all over the country, judiciously scattered about for jailing purposes. It only requires a little vigilance and system to undo what the arch-quack has done.

Let reputable physicians organize themselves into protective bodies, both for self-protection and the good of their fellow men. Both are the best of incentives. Every man who hangs out the M. D. sign, should be made to prove his right to do so. By placing the facts before the different state legislatures laws will soon be enacted which will assist genuine physicians in crushing out the "quack."

The legislatures will convene before long, and the sooner these medical humbugs begin to realize that action will be taken against them, the sooner will they cease operations. Those who are inclined to brazen it through and take chances of continuing their career of infamy, will inevitably know like Dr. Buchanan "how it is themselves" to play peak-a-boo through prison bars.

The triumphings of the wicked are short. Amen.

WAKING UP.

It is a disgraceful commentary upon the inefficiency of the police force of this city when the governor of the state is forced to remonstrate and tell those who compose it of their duty to the public.

For a number of years, notwithstanding the state laws expressly prohibit the sale of lottery tickets in New York, this traffic has been carried on with as much boldness as the most legitimate business. The police, who are popularly supposed to suppress anything illegal, have known all along that the lottery business was contrary to law, and yet they have made no effort to suppress the traffic. Their willful neglect of duty has resulted in the establishment of a number of fraudulent companies, who rob the public under the protection of the police. Policy shops and skin games of all kinds have been the outcome of this neglect of duty.

Occasionally some clerk in one of the offices of these concerns is arrested, and that is all it amounts to.

The attention of Governor Cornell was called recently to the lawlessness which existed in this city in this business, and wrote to the Mayor as the chief executive "to see that the proper local officials take the necessary steps faithfully and efficiently to execute these laws, and prohibit this unconstitutional and unlawful traffic."

What pleasant reading that must have been for the "proper local officials!"

The antique figurehead of the police force immediately began to shake himself. The different captains were ordered to report the number of policy shops and lottery firms in their precinct.

That must have been a dismal order.

War has been declared, and the swindled public is assured that the lottery traffic will be suppressed.

The different attempts which have been made in the past to exterminate the lottery business from this city are not very good guarantees that the present crusade will result in any good.

Let the police bear in mind that the people are aroused on this subject. Governor Cornell's letter has clearly defined their position and that of the lottery companies. Their action in the matter will be watched with interest.

If the police force is the guardian of fraud and humbug, instead of law and right, the sooner it is found out the better.

A CLERICAL CAPER.

A Priest From Depere, Wis., Found With Housekeeper Occupying a Cottage in Covington, Ky.—His Denial of the Existence of Improper Relations Fortified by a Letter From the Woman's Father.

CINCINNATI, O., September 13.—After a long and diligent search Rev. Father Philip Coad, a Catholic priest from West Depere, Brown county, Wis., was found living with Miss Zoe Allard, in a cottage on Main street, West Covington, Ky. They were both promptly put under arrest and taken before Carson. The story is an interesting one. Father Coad is a fine, handsome man of about forty-five years, and for many years has been pastor of the church at West Depere. Miss Allard, a voluptuous, handsome woman of about thirty years, has acted as his housekeeper during the last ten years. Her father, Joseph G. Allard, lived in the same place. She had an affianced lover by the name of Armand Howard, of Lincoln, a town near by. Four weeks ago the community was startled by the discovery of the sudden and mysterious disappearance of the priest and also of his handsome housekeeper. The parishoners would not believe that it was an elopement, but the father of the girl and the father of the lover determined to hunt up the absent ones. With some trouble they tracked the fugitives to Cincinnati.

Coming on here they put the case into the hands of a skilled detective, and the search ended as above stated. They came upon the cottage about 10 o'clock in the morning. It stands in one of the most secluded spots about Covington. Admittance was demanded, but was not secured for three-quarters of an hour. Finally the doors were opened, and the priest and Miss Allard made their appearance. They both protest they had not cohabited, and yet one bed was found in the cottage. There were two pillows in the attic, and the priest says Miss Allard slept there on the floor. Still they represented themselves to the owner of the cottage as man and wife. He was going by the name of Frank Shroese. The reverend fugitive had meanwhile grown a beautiful mustache, in direct violation of the priestly laws; but he excused himself with the assertion that he had forgotten to shave his lip. He says he came here with the intention of taking some priestly orders, but didn't explain why he had lived in seclusion. After the arrest he persuaded Miss Allard's father to give her the following letter:

"I, the undersigned, acknowledge that the Rev. Philip Coad is not to be blamed in his conduct with my daughter, his housekeeper. I knew him for sixteen years, and a better priest I never saw, and a more perfect gentleman. Given at West Covington, Ky., on September 10, 1880. MR. JOS. G. ALLARD."

"Zoe Allard, his daughter, with the permission of my own father. ZOE ALLARD."

Father Coad tried to purchase the silence of the officers, but did not succeed. He was anxious to keep it out of the newspapers. Miss Allard left with her father for home. The priest is still here. At one time the father of the girl tried to shoot him, and it looked like a tragedy. All the parties are French.

"No More Sons-in-Law."

[Subject of Illustration.]

An old farmer in the western part of this state has been blessed with nine fair daughters. Sons he had none, save through law. As soon as one of the daughters married, it seemed to be the old man's luck to take care of her husband. He found his house rapidly becoming too small for his increasing family. Worst of all, his sons-in-law seemed perfectly willing to retire from the field of human industry, and let the world take care of itself. "Father-in-law is rich; what's the use of working?" was the spirit they evinced. The old man resolved to reconstruct matters. "I believe," said he, "that the Old Nick owes me a debt, and is payin' me off in sons-in-law. I protest." He hung out a sign which struck terror to the souls of the aspiring suitors, and emphasized matters by taking up his position on the front stoop Sunday night, gun in hand, and bull-dog by his side. But love laughs at bull-dogs and shot-guns and old men, and he will probably find this out one of these days.

Enterprising Females.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Reports come from Deadwood that a band of counterfeiters were recently discovered by a detective who was prospecting near there. Being alone he did not dare disturb them, but started for the nearest telegraph station. On the way he was met by one of the band, who suspected his mission and took him prisoner. When brought to their den, two amazons who kept house for the crew volunteered to put it out of his power to communicate with friends should he escape; and one climbed up the pole and cut the wire. The detective was released, and discovered that he was powerless, and while traveling to a place where he could get help, the band cleared out. Such enterprise on the part of the females would be creditable if employed in another direction.

A SKILLFUL BEAT.

A Man Who Flew at Big Game, and Generally Made a Capture.

[With Portrait.]

One of the most successful confidence men and forger, W. C. Branscome, was recently sent from this city to Sing Sing, and his incarceration is hailed with pleasure in various parts of the country where he has operated. It is claimed that the merchants of St. Louis suffered to the extent of \$300,000 through his wiles. He is also charged with having forged bonds on the Jacksonville Sanitary and Improvement Company. He has been a bold operator, and the police have performed a creditable job in ridding society of him for some time to come.

SEASONING.

THE advertisement of a hanged Michigan murderer's death says that he "died suddenly and unintentionally."

SARAH BERNHARDT has purchased 300 pairs of gloves for her American tour. She will also bring along a pair of her own kids.

THE Prince of Wales' two sons are somewhat lively. While on a voyage at sea recently, the younger was heard to exclaim: "Come, bub; tune up your fiddle and give us 'God save your old grandmother!'"

A YOUNG lady, very child-like and innocent, was climbing a fence as a gentleman was looking intently at her skill. When she looked up he turned his head. "No matter, sir," she said, "I borrowed them of your wife."

WHEN they can't make an Albany baby quit crying in any other way, they let him crawl under the bed and make him believe they think he's lost and are looking for him, and he will keep quiet for two hours.

A POET says, "Love holds me so, I would that I could go—I flutter up and down and to and fro in vain, love holds me so!" Eat a raw onion just before you go to see her and she will loosen her grasp and throw up a window.

A GARRULOUS fop, who by his frivolous remarks had annoyed his partner in a ball-room, among other empty things asked whether she had ever had her ears pierced. "No," was the reply, "but I have often had them bored."

"OLD woman, how do you sell beets?" asked a New Orleans bummer of an old vegetable woman in the French market. Looking at him from head to foot, she replied: "Yen I haf some like you vas, I sell them two for a cent abiece."

AN English servant girl who had returned from the United States to visit her friends at home was told that she "looked really aristocratic," to which she responded: "Yes; in America all of us domestics belong to the hire class."

SCENE—A COURT of law; trial for manslaughter is going on; Pat in the witness-box. Counsel for the prisoner—Did you see the prisoner at the bar knock down the deceased? Pat—No, yer Honor; he was alive when I see him knocked down.

"If you are a quiet, honest citizen, how did these skeleton keys and brass knuckles happen to be in your coat pockets?" "I reckon, Judge, me and the policeman must have changed coats in the scuffle. We were very much excited."

AT a recent marriage in Hudson, N. Y., the bride was a young damsel who had been a great flirt. When the clergyman asked the usual question, "Who gives this woman away?" a young fellow present exclaimed, "I can, but I won't."

THE boy stood in the melon patch, whence all but him had fled, and visions of a royal feast went dancing through his head; but the farmer and the bull-dog came, and the boy, oh! where was he? Go ask the doctor man who patched his sore a-nat-o-meal!

A CHICAGO young man has a sweetheart who measures six feet around. It's a job of considerable magnitude for that young man to embrace that girl, but by beginning early Monday morning and hugging a certain space each day, he generally manages to finish the business by 12 o'clock Sunday night.

MARRIED life:

"My dear, what makes you always yawn?"

The wife exclaimed, her temper gone—

"Is home so dull and dreary?"

"Not so, my love," he said, "not so;

But man and wife are one, you know,

And when alone I'm weary."

LOGICAL deduction: She was a Boston lady of culture. She stood watching a canal boat loaded with ice, as it was being loaded into the canal from Lake Champlain. "What is that boat loaded with?" she asked. "Ice," was the reply. "Oh, my!" she exclaimed, in surprise, "if the horrid stuff should melt, the water would sink the boat."

AN Oil City gentleman who recently traveled in Europe said he was at a dinner one day in Paris, and, while telling a story, was attacked with a sudden and continued fit of sneezing. When he ceased a Russian gentleman at another table, Plitchkeky by name, turned about and complimented him on his excellent and correct pronunciation of the Russian language.

A journalistic item: Gilhooly is talking about starting a new paper in Galveston, and was telling a friend about it. "You can borrow fifty dollars and start a new paper," said the friend, encouragingly. "You darned fool! If I could borrow fifty dollars what would I want to start a paper for? I want to start the paper so I can borrow the fifty dollars."—Galveston News.

"DOCTOR," said a lisping fashionable belle, who had graduated at half a dozen boarding schools, to a friend of ours, who had just been introduced to her at an evening party—"Doctor, which do you pwefer, tholidity of intellect or brillianthy? Thum admire tholidity; but ath for me, ath Thakpeare thayth in hith 'Bride of Abidoth,' I pweter tholidity and brillianthy combined." The doctor sank into the nearest chair exhausted.

DRESSES quietly: "She dresses quietly," is the comment of one of the fashion journals on a well-known belle. It is absurdity. When a young woman dresses there is more rattling around of shoes and corsets, and the banging around of wash-bowls and pitchers, and calling for this and for that, and slamming doors and breaking off bureau knobs, and—and we have often wondered how she stood it so well. We don't believe a woman ever dressed quietly, but of course we don't know. How should we?—New Haven Register.

LIFE'S CURIOSITY SHOP.

DR. JOHN BUCHANAN, the bogus medical diploma peddler, was captured on the 10th inst., at St. Clair, Mich., having just come over from Canada.

"COME home drunk, will you?" said Benjamin Lucas to his intoxicated father at Welles, Ohio. "I'll give you a lesson!" and killed him with one blow.

A STALWART woman got employment in male attire as a farm hand at Hutcheon, Ill., but the farmer discharged her on learning her sex. She has brought a suit to recover wages for for the whole contract.

At Logansville, Wis., Henry Raetzmann married the girl whom Otto Riggert wanted. Otto went to the wedding with a knife, and when the ceremony was over he stabbed the bridegroom three times.

"How under the heavens am I to get along now?" was the regretful remark of shiftless Hank Munroe of Lebanon, Mo., after he had, in a moment of anger, killed the wife who had long supported him.

WHISKY is now sold in a Crisfield, Md., saloon through an ingenious arrangement of sliding doors so arranged that the purchaser never sees the bartender, and consequently no one can say who sells the liquor.

A TEXAS clergyman, about to become chaplain of a penitentiary, preached a farewell sermon to his congregation, who had ill-treated him, from the following text: "I go to prepare a place for you, so that where I am ye may be also."

WHEN you see a woman balancing herself on one foot, kicking the other wildly out behind her, and skillfully swooping up in her hand a fantail train, don't be alarmed; she isn't going to have a fit—she is about to cross a twelve-inch gutter.

A REMARKABLE woman, Mrs. Mary Ann Dean, died lately in St. Louis, Mo. She was thirty-seven years old, and had been married twenty years. She was the mother of twenty-one children, of whom there were three pairs of twins, two sets of triplets, and four were born at one birth. Ten of her children are living.

THE lynching of the brothers Grier, at Laurens, S. C., was conducted by the brothers Workman, whose sister they had maltreated. A mob of about fifty persons took the Griers from their home, and tied them to two trees. Then the Workmans stepped forward with pistols and deliberately killed the offenders.

A FUNERAL procession at Oxford, Ind., found itself without a minister when the grave was reached. After an embarrassing delay, a ragged tramp, who was passing by on a railroad track, stopped, announcing that he was a clergyman, and, the mourners consenting, proceeded with the services, conducting them to the satisfaction of all.

THEODORE MADERNEUX, of Carlstadt, N. Y., was married last week for the fourth time. Although four times married he has never had but one wife. He has three times been married to and divorced from the same woman, and now that he has re-married her for the fourth time the neighbors hope that the happy couple will stay married.

JENNIE JUNE says that the flirting between the young girls and young men on Broadway and Union Square, between 3 and 6 o'clock in the afternoon, may, from the freedom with which it is carried on in public, be without wickedness; but that it is characterized by unspeakable vulgarity, which conveys a very bad impression to outsiders. It looks as if Jennie had been cut out by some horrid little thing.

You put blinders on a horse, so that he can see scarcely anything that is going on about him; and then blame him for trembling and jumping, and starting to run at every little noise. You forget how frightened you were when, with blinded eyes, you were initiated into the awful mysteries of Hight. Migtful Lodge of Unbiased and Superincumbent Chinwaggers. And why shouldn't a horse be frightened as easily as a donkey?

A MAN in Scott County was butted in the pit of the stomach by a mountain ram on his place. He was badly hurt and a physician was sent for. The latter arrived and asked him how he felt. He replied, "I am ready for death, but I don't like to die this way. I wouldn't mind being kicked to death by a thoroughbred horse, or gorged to death by a Durham bull, but I can't stand the idea of being butted into eternity by a mountain ram!"

THEY have found a bigamist at Turner Falls, Mass. The party is Lizzie Cohen, who married a young man named John Landers in New Hampshire, and after living with him a while went to the Falls, representing herself as a divorced woman, and in June married Charles Stark. She acknowledged her guilt, but had adopted the doctrine of the notorious John Carl Cheny, and proposed to live with the husband who proves to be "compatible." She is in jail awaiting trial in November.

A WELL-DRESSED young man is reported to be going about Indiana county, Pa., claiming to be deeply interested in the cause of temperance. He calls at a farm house, presents a pledge to be signed, and when this is done produces another card, similar in appearance, to which he also desires that the signature be affixed. "In order to keep a correct memorandum of his work." The second card is a sight note for any amount the swindler may see fit to demand. Look out for him.

LARRY and Andrew Mable, brothers, living in Troy, N. Y., quarrelled while fishing in Snyder's Lake. Andrew drew a dirk knife and made a stab at his brother, who to escape jumped into the lake. He sank, and when he came to the surface of the water the vengeful brother attacked him again, driving the murderous weapon into Larry's back and arm several

times. The wounded man got out of the reach of the knife, swam to shore, and was cared for by the people there. He was subsequently taken to Troy for treatment.

A STABBING affray took place near Lovelaceville, Ky., last Monday, in which Nathan Ross was fatally wounded by Thomas Tyre, his step-father-in-law. The two were cropping together. Ross went home drunk, and being abusive to Tyre, he ordered him to leave the place, which was refused. Ross drew his pistol and Tyre a knife, and they went into the slaughter business like men. Tyre succeeded in getting in three cuts about the neck and a severe one under the left shoulder-blade. He then threw Ross out doors, got possession of the pistol and left for Lovelaceville, where he surrendered to the authorities. Lovelaceville is near Paducah.

MARY JANE VOSS of Mt. Morris, N. Y., who is but thirteen years of age, threw her wedding outfit and Saratoga trunk out of the window, and it was lugged off by Robert Stevenson, the bridegroom, aged eighteen years, with whom she got into a buggy and was driven to Gibsonville. The next day the father of the bride, followed and found them pleasantly located at the latter place, but he induced them to return to Mt. Morris. The enraged father was told that they were married and had been for some time, and they asked him what he intended to do about it. They stated that they were married on the 29th of July, at Moscow, by the Rev. Mr. Gutllius. The father afterwards found their statement to be a fact.

THERE is a young and handsome woman at Saratoga who wears a large diamond ring on each of her eight fingers whenever she is seen, whether at breakfast or by gaslight. She also wears diamonds in her hair, large solitaires in her ears, bracelets and pins, set with these rare jewels, and one night she wore a diamond cross five or six inches long. A saucy letter-writer says she is suspected of having anklets and garters clasped with diamonds, as well as shoe buckles. Who she is, is a mystery, and she is popularly referred to as "The Diamond Princess."

A PRETTY girl at a Saucelito picnic last week astounded her escort and friends by refusing all attentions tendered by her gentleman friends. She peremptorily declined to dance, swing, run races or climb the rocks after ferns. Later in the day she was found by another pullback of the species weeping bitterly under a bush. "What on earth's the matter, Gussie?" asked the other girl. "Why, you see, Melindy, I can't enjoy myself, nor have a good time, nor nothin'. I started off in such a hurry that I forgot to put on my other stockings." Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all, etc.

DRESSMAKING FOR MEN.

The Manufacture of Costumes for Female Impersonators.

You have so many dissertations on men dressmakers for women that the idea has ceased to be a novelty; but never until recently, writes a correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer, did I know that there was such a thing as women dressmakers for men. This new branch of the trade I discovered in calling on a theatrical dressmaker. While she was showing me some new dresses, just finished, a young and rather good looking man was ushered in. He seemed a little disconcerted at the sight of a third party, but the modiste waived him to a seat with the remark:

"I will be ready to try your dress on in a few moments, Mr. Wally."

"Do you mean to say you make dresses for gentlemen?" I asked in surprise.

"Oh, yes; for the best female impersonators we have on the stage," replied the little dressmaker, as bright as Jenny Wren, but without her lameness.

"But is it pleasant work!"

"Business is business, and, beside that, I assure you there need be no impropriety. The gentlemen wear an unstarched shirt, linen trousers, with a white stiff skirt and corsets over them. Some of them do lace awfully! The padding that I know will be necessary is already fastened in the lining, and the dress is soon fitted. I have just finished a fancy costume for this gentleman, and when he has it on I will ask him to come in and let you see how it looks."

In a few minutes she returned with her customer, who seemed to have lost about half his proportions, and, if it had not been for the short hair parted at the side, I should have thought myself looking at a very handsome woman, though decidedly pronounced in style. The dress was of pink satin, not the most costly in quality, and made with a long train, that the wearer managed very well. It was lavishly trimmed with lace and flowers, but fitted like wax on the figure, while not an outline revealed it to be a man's.

The elbow sleeves were made of lace, but so heavily worked that, while they showed a white skin beneath, they revealed not the tell-tale muscles. The corset was artfully cut, closed tight at the throat, and then cut away beneath in the inverted V which Modjeska used so much in her toilets. This style covering the part of the neck that could not bear exposure, and what was displayed powder made very presentable.

"It must have been rather difficult to learn how to manage a train and carry yourself," remarked your correspondent to the wearer of the pink toilet.

"Yes, it was," said he, "and I used to switch my dress right into the footlights when I began. More than once I have set it on fire in that way. Then the corsets used to worry me to death, and whenever I sat down I would find myself crossing my legs and folding my arms over my chest. I got over the former habit, though, when pullbacks were in the fashion, for I had mine made so tight that I couldn't get room to cross my legs. I will tell you what," he concluded, "I think I earn more than my salary in wearing these duds. Why, men generally do not dream of the torture that lies in wearing a woman's clothes."

CLOSE CALLS AND DEADLY ACCIDENTS

MORRIS REYNOLDS, a deaf old farmer, was struck by a train while crossing the track at Rutland, Vt. and was thrown thirty feet into a pile of stones.

G. B. Williamson, a prominent candidate for Judge of the Superior Court, committed suicide with poison in his law office at Atlanta, Ga. The supposed cause was cancer in the nose.

AN Indianapolis man considers a dog bite worth \$2,000. Anyhow, he sued the owner of a dog for that sum, because the aforesaid canine imprinted his teeth in the tender hide of his son.

A RELIGIOUS maniac named Eggleston, residing at Rockport, Ind., one day last week killed his infant child by dashing it against the wall, claiming that the Lord commanded him to murder the innocent child.

A DEADWOOD woman woke in the night with a burning sensation in her face. She applied what she supposed was ammonia, but when daylight came she found that she had cooled her burning face with iodine. She doesn't go out now, as her face is the color of that of a Sioux squaw.

A YOUNG man by the name of Val. Strouse living at Pomeroy, O., was brought home on the afternoon of the 10th inst., a corpse. He was killed instantly by the accidental discharge of a gun while out hunting squirrels a few miles from town. He leaves a wife and child to mourn his loss.

ON the 13th inst., the fifteen-year-old son of John Wells, a prominent citizen of Riverhead, L. I., while playing with an old revolver during the absence of his parents at church, accidentally shot and killed his brother, aged seventeen. Seeing that he had shot his brother, the younger fainted.

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 13.—L. Burkhardt, traveling salesman for Otto Martin, dealer in paint and oil, of Philadelphia, was killed by getting off a train this morning while stopping on a bridge, he supposed that he was in the depot. He fell seventy-five feet to the rocks below and was horribly crushed.

GEORGE HAILBECK, a most estimable young man of Erie, Pa., was found dead on his doorstep and in a pool of blood on the 12th inst. He had been seized with hemorrhage and had just strength enough to reach his doorstep to die. He was discovered by his wife, who, alarmed at his absence all night, was about seeking him.

MISS CARRIE GOODWIN, of Riverton, Conn., met with a frightful accident Monday afternoon at the falls near the old forge in the town of Colebrook. She was on a bluff overlooking Mad river, forty feet high, and becoming dizzy, fell headlong, striking on the rocks below. She was picked up insensible and taken home. Slight hopes are entertained of her recovery.

A seven-year-old boy of George Wilkes, of Munich, complained of a severe pain in his ankle, and was taken to Melrose for treatment. The physician found that he had been seriously shot in the knee by a pistol ball. The lad strongly maintained that he knew nothing about it, and could not tell how or when it happened. After two or three days the "Truthful James" confessed that he did it himself with his little pistol.

PRIVATE CHARLES J. KHUN, of Company B 18th Regiment, which has been camping out near Erie, Pa., attempted to commit suicide on the ninth by stabbing himself in the neck with a bayonet. When discovered in the act he attempted to run away, but was caught. He fought the surgeon, and made every effort to complete his act of self-destruction. It is said that a recent attack of typhoid fever had affected his reason. The affair caused considerable excitement in the camp.

LONDON, September 13.—A parcel containing four pounds of dynamite, connected with a tube filled with percussion caps and gunpowder, was found under a rail on the London and Northwestern Line, sixteen miles from the Euston, London, terminus this morning. It is supposed that the express train to Scotland passed over the mined rail two hours previous to the discovery, but the tube was shaken from the rail by the motion of the passing train, or otherwise failed to act. There is no clue to the perpetrators.

A FEW days ago some young men in Dighton, R. I., gathered around the dwelling of a demented youth named Cowen, nineteen years of age, and for amusement burned piles of shavings about the house. Cowen lives alone, his mother being in the almshouse, and became very much frightened at the fires, and ran out. He was not pursued, but, later in the day, not returning to his home, search was made for him, and he was found in an old smoke house, about three-quarters of a mile away, hanging by the neck from a beam. The body was cold when found.

WILSON TUDOR, of Richmond, Ky., complaining of sickness, went into a drug store and asked for a drink of whisky. The druggist had just filled a prescription in which he used aconite, and had left the bottle containing it on the prescription case. When Tudor came in he was busy about other matters, and told him to take the glass from the case and draw some liquor from the barrel. Tudor instead poured the aconite from the bottle and drank that, mistaking it for whisky. In a few moments he was prostrated and shortly after died, in spite of the efforts of the doctors.

ABOUT 6 o'clock on the morning of the 11th inst., the dead body of Captain John S. Chapman, a well-known lawyer of Alexandria, Va., was found in his office with a bullet hole in his head, extending from the right temple through to the opposite side of the skull. He had apparently been some hours. There were every indication that the wound had been inflicted by his own hand, as a pistol with one chamber empty was lying near him. Captain Chap-

man was a native of Charles Co., Md., and was the owner of considerable property there. His mind has appeared unsettled at times.

ASTOUNDING REVELATION.

He was a Patriot, a Philanthropist and a Faker.

The prisoners had all been locked up in the evening and the keepers had crowded around Warden Finn's office for orders, when a man in a frayed coat entered the Tombs, and, peering suspiciously around, laid down an odd package.

"Gentlemen," he said, folding his arms and shaking his head dismally, "I am a citizen; I may even say I am a patriot. What, though I do not hold a pass like Leonidas, nor, for obvious reasons, retire to my farm like Cincinnatus, I am never the less a patriot, and for that reason I have stolen hither to warn you of your peril."

His hearers gathered around the stranger, and one keeper began to mentally figure on what number of straitjacket would fit him.

"Evidently you do not know the precipice on which you stand; evidently you are blind to the danger which, like the sword of Damocles, hangs over your heads."

"Oh, this is taffy!" irreverently remarked a jailer.

"Nixey veeden," my boy, as the quaint historian Dionysius observed, and which is the vernacular means, "I'm not a gawk by a bushful," the speaker returned. "Listen to me. What if I told you there is dynamite in these walls waiting a touch to hurl you to destruction? What if you heard there was nitro-glycerine here which by a spark would tear this great bastille to atoms?"

The keepers looked uneasy and the warden made an advance upon the suspicious package.

"Oh, do not tremble at my approach," said the other grandly. "It is salvation I bring you. Observe now there are hundreds of captives in these gloomy vaults—men whose hands drip with gore and men who have only sought at the bottom of the beer keg that liquid nourishment which the exhorting tomsto can there derive."

"Oh, he wants to beg off a bum," muttered some disappointed listener. But the speaker did not mind him.

"Do you think that these captives do not pine for the free air, the sequestered sample room or the corner grocery? Do you dream that they do not languish as they stub their toes against the off walls of their dungeon cells and growl over their maternal mush and molasses? Oh, they do pine, gentlemen; they do languish, and their pining and languishing has gone out of doors and raised conspiracy, baleful and murderous, to overwhelm you."

The warden thought of his bonds, the keepers of their situations, and a startling announcement was expected of a plan to empty the prison. But the stranger calmly digressed.

"Gentlemen," he said, "a captive with a clean face is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. In olden times they used to hang golden chains on to them, and they were quite ornamental. I am a modest man, gentlemen. I would not tax our mayor and corporation to make an outlay for such a purpose; but I have a secret to unfold which will endear you all to the gloomy captive, which will make him metaphorically hug his chains and will drive away forever the danger that impends."

They all drew nearer and eyed him impatiently as he bent to the odd package and resumed, "I have here the great anti-pedal remedy which makes the dungeon blossom as the rose and the cell door exude the fragrance of paradise. In this soap, my own patent, you perceive this panacea. It also removes freckles, pimples, moles, pock marks—"

The stranger stopped, for he was alone. The warden had gone into his office to look up a club and the jailers had dived into the Tombs' gloomy precincts for other instruments of torture, so he sighed as he gathered up his package and stalked pensively away.

PRECOCITY.

A Girl of Thirteen Becomes a Mother—A Case That Puzzles the Medical Fraternity.

Some members of the medical fraternity in Pittsburgh, Pa., are scratching their heads over a case of birth which recently occurred at an humble home on Forty-third-and-a-half street, in that city. The mother of the child is a daughter of a hard-working German. She is only thirteen years and ten months old, and is considered small in size for her age. On the 28th of last month she became the mother of a large male child, and it is alleged that the father of the prattling stranger is a locomotive engineer who runs on the Allegheny Valley Railroad. The attending physician was hunted up and interviewed. He didn't want to be interviewed, but finally said it was an exceptional case in the annals of obstetrics. He had never attended a mother so young. He had read in the books about such rare occurrences and had heard the professors in Germany and medical schools in this country which he attended talk about them, but had never met one before. The child is very large, he said, and the mother is delicate and slender. The child is very healthy, and has no notion of dying. The mother is recovering, and will soon regain her health. A Penn avenue physician was interviewed, too, but preferred not to have his name in print in connection with the story. Such cases, he said, were rare indeed. However, the history of medicine shows that girls of eleven years have given birth to children.

Miss Faulkner.

[With Portrait.]

This unfortunate young lady recently met her death at the hands of "Dr." Cream, a notorious Chicago abortionist. Cream is in jail, and will probably be railroaded to prison. He should be hung.

FIGHTING OVER THE DEAD.

An Unseemly Quarrel—Tearing the Handles From a Coffin.

[Subject of Illustration.]

David Snyder, father of Dr. W. E. Snyder, of Amsterdam, died recently at the Utica Insane Asylum. It is said to have been his frequent request to be buried beside his first wife and children at Hartford, Conn. His son, Dr. Snyder, desired to carry out his father's wish as he believed to be, and was intending to take the remains on the 12:23 train to the place for interment. About three years ago David Snyder married for his second wife, Maria, daughter of Peter Hoyer of Port Jackson. He lived with her only about a year, when a recurrence of his trouble of insanity clouded his mind, and rendered his removal to the asylum necessary. This was accomplished only by recourse to law, as the Hoyers were opposed to his removal. When Mr. Snyder died, his wife Maria, and her family desired to have him buried in Green Hill Cemetery. Dr. Snyder went to Utica for the remains, bringing them to Amsterdam in a handsome black walnut casket with silver ornaments. Dr. Snyder was prevailed upon to allow the funeral to take place at Hoyer's residence, near Port Jackson, where his father's widow is lying ill and not expected to live long.

The funeral services took place in the morning, the Rev. John Minor, assisted by the Rev. D. W. Dayton, officiating. Here it was perceived that trouble was brewing, for there were two sets of bearers, and, at the close of the services, the Hoyers were unwilling, that Dr. Snyder should take the charge of the remains. An unseemly contention arose and waxed very warm, but the matter was compromised by allowing the body to be carried to the hearse, the idea being to have the remains deposited in the cemetery vault until the question was settled by due process of law. The Hoyers claim that Dr. Snyder promised to allow this to be done, but he says that he was under duress and only gave an evasive answer, viz: "Well, go on up."

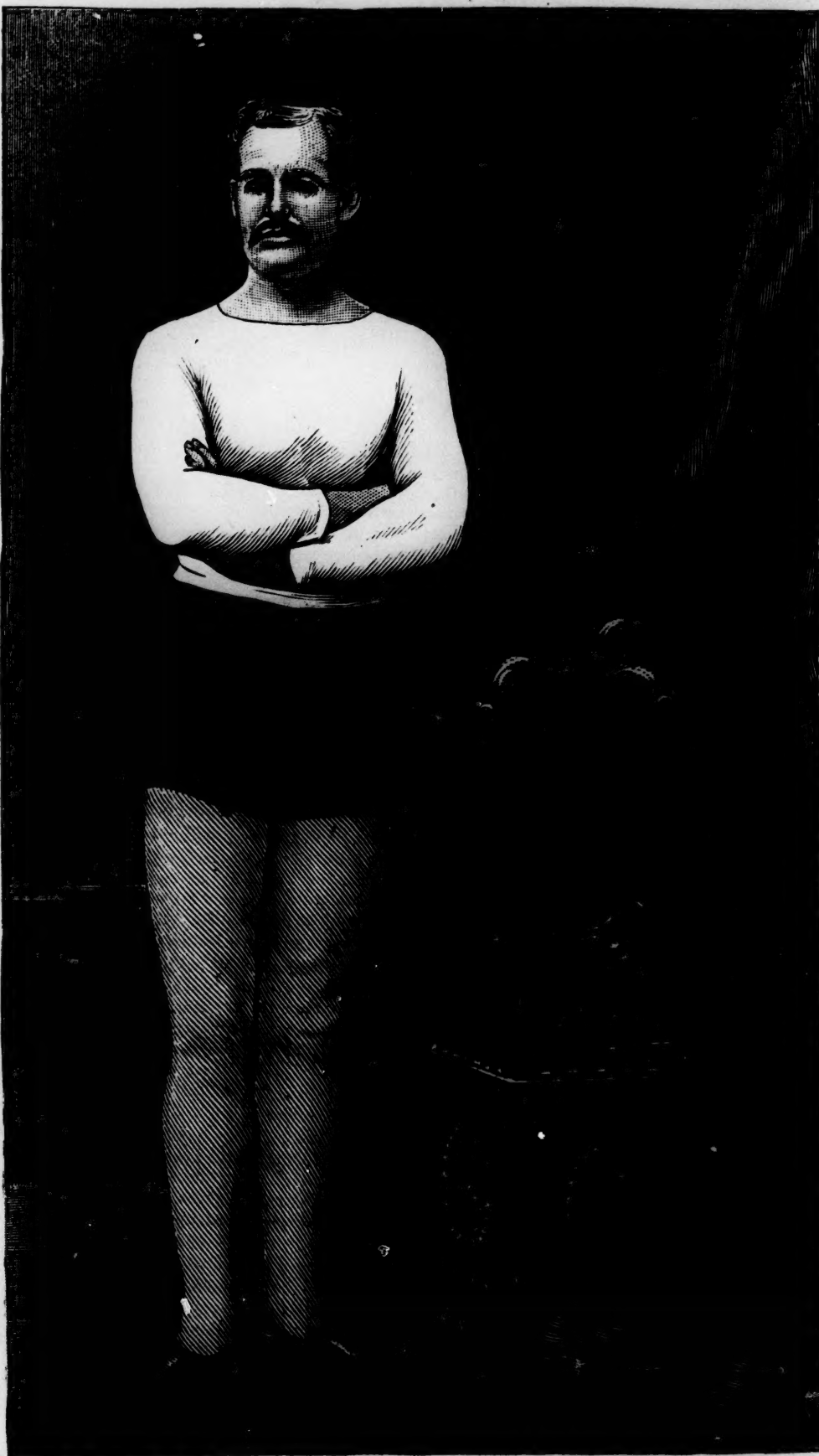
Be this as it may, the procession came from Hoyer's



HARRY TRAVELLA, MURDERER OF ABRAHAM MARBURG, AT DENVER, COL.

residence in Main street, Amsterdam, when it came to a halt, as Dr. Snyder wished to drive down Railroad street to the depot, and the other party up Church street to the cemetery. After a fierce wrangle, Dr. Snyder mounted the hearse himself, and drove to the depot, where a desperate struggle ensued, on the attempt to take the coffin from the hearse. Dr. Snyder and his party pulled on the coffin to get it out; the other faction pushed to keep it in. A partisan of the Hoyers seized Dr. Snyder around the waist; he resisted, and called for help; a crowd surrounded the combatants, and yells and threats rent the air. It was the most disgraceful scene ever witnessed in Amsterdam, and it ended in the coffin being pulled out with the loss of a silver ornament, but the Snyder party were unable to place it in the box. The Hoyers then had recourse to law, and procured from Judge Westbrook the issuing of an injunction, which was served just as the train arrived, and the body taken to the vault in Green Hill Cemetery to await the decision of the courts.

They say out west that a good story is told of Ben Lefevre, who is running for Congress in Ohio. In a recent speech he said: "I scorn such imputations. I shall not notice them. I have been



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN.

H. M. DUFUR, CHAMPION HEAVY-WEIGHT COLLAR AND ELBOW WRESTLER.

called a gambler, a drunken loafer, and a debaucher of women; but, thank Heaven, no man has ever dared to breathe a suspicion against my moral character.

H. M. DUFUR,

Champion Collar and Elbow Wrestler of the World.

[With Portrait.]

In the GAZETTE's illustrated sporting gallery this week we present a picture of H. M. Dufur of Marlboro, Mass., the champion collar and elbow wrestler of the world. Dufur stands 5 feet 11½ inches in height, weighs when trained in condition 190 pounds.

He was born in Richfield, Vt., and is 39 years of age. He has figured in forty wrestling contests and with the exception of Jake Martin the giant of Ypsilanti, Mich., Homer Lane of New York (now in San Francisco) and Col. J. H. McLaughlin, he has met all the noted wrestlers who lay any claim to the championship of America.

He defeated Bragg of Grand Rapids, Mich., the champion of that State since McLaughlin retired; Cox of Fairfield, Vt.; Owens of St. Albans. Dufur's match with Owens was for the champion belt and \$1,000. Dufur won, but Owens refused to give up the trophy. John McMahon of Rutland, Vt., challenged Owens to wrestle for the trophy and the championship and McMahon won.

Dufur then challenged McMahon to wrestle for \$1,000 and the collar and elbow championship of America. The match was arranged and took place at Boston. The match was one of the best exhibitions of wrestling ever witnessed. After wrestling six hours neither gained a fall and the match was declared a draw.

It is an open question whether John McMahon or H. M. Dufur is the champion wrestler. Both are however, the two leading collar and elbow wrestlers of the country, and the rival champions will meet this fall to decide the question of supremacy. If a referee is selected who thoroughly understands the rules the struggle will be close and interesting.

Dufur has authorized the sporting editor of the



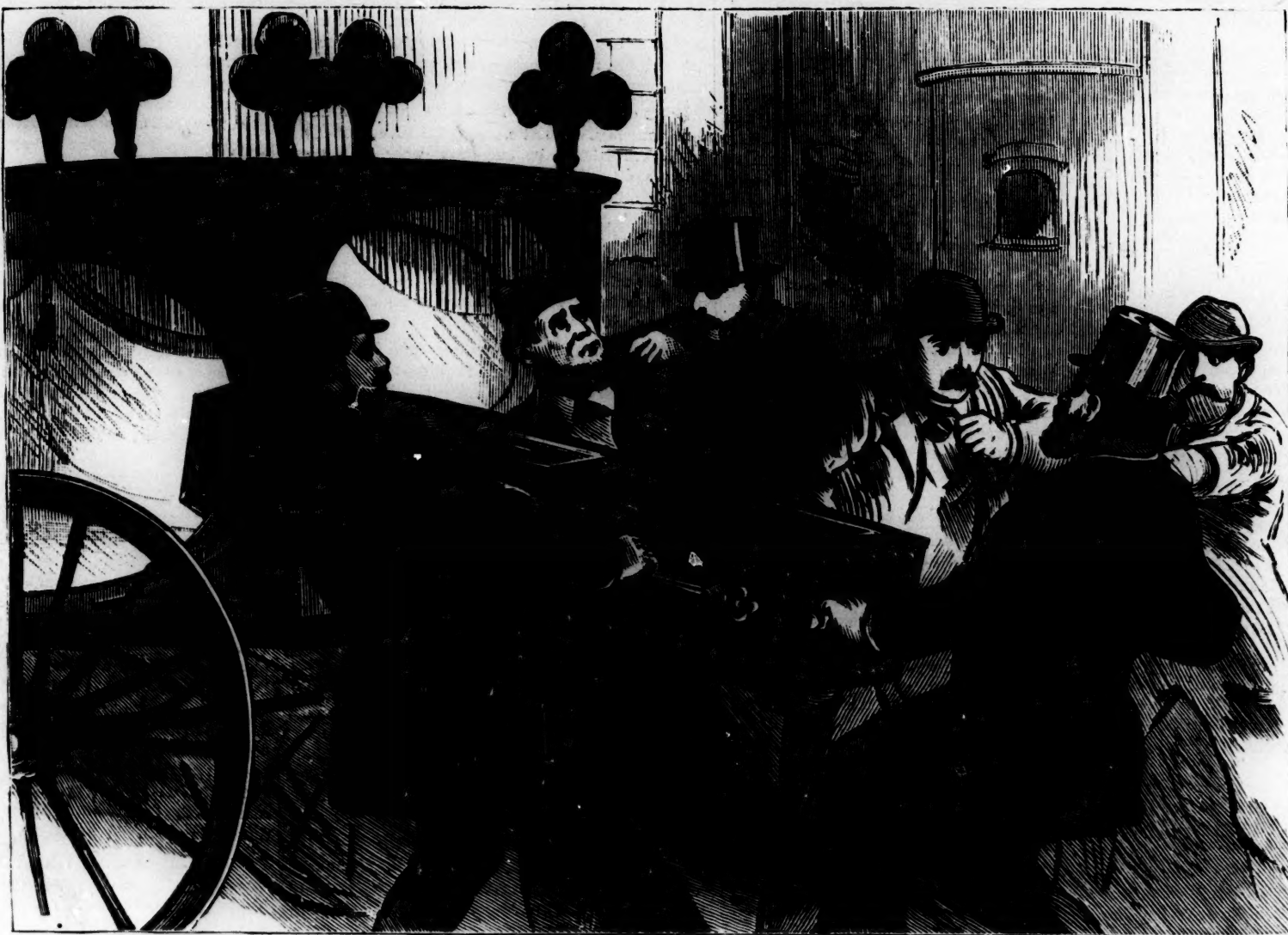
MISS FAULKNER, DIED FROM EFFECTS OF AN ABORTION BY "DR." CREAM; CHICAGO.

GAZETTE to announce that he is ready to wrestle any man in the world collar and elbow, best two in three, fair back falls, for \$500 or \$1,000 a side and the championship of America.

Dufur's last match took place at Boston, on Sept. 8, when the champion met Duncan C. Ross of Cooung, Canada, and wrestled a mixed match—catch-as-catch-can and collar and elbow for \$500, best three in five, fair back falls. Dufur won the first fall collar and elbow. Ross won the second catch-as-catch-can. Dufur won the third collar and elbow. Ross won the fourth catch-as-catch-can. The athletes tossed for choice of hold for the final bout. Dufur won and named collar and elbow. An interesting struggle followed and Dufur won the fall and match. Since arrangements have been made for another contest.

A Slanderer Punished.

[Subject of Illustration.] A correspondent of the Lewiston, Idaho, Teller tells of two girls of Palouse Bridge who found out that a fellow living half a mile distant had slandered them, so they went for him. As he appeared in sight one of the young girls knocked him down with a stone, and before he had time to rise the other blackened his eyes with a club she had brought with her. After giving him a



WRANGLING OVER THE DEAD—A FAMILY DIVIDED ON THE QUESTION OF THE PLACE OF BURIAL OF A BODY, ENGAGE IN A DISGRACEFUL FIGHT OVER THE REMAINS; AMSTERDAM, N. Y.



A RAT TACKLES AN INFANT WHILE ASLEEP, AND SUCKS ITS BLOOD UNTIL IT DIES IN CONVULSIONS.—WOMELSDORF, PA.



A DRUNKEN WOMAN HOLDS HER INFANT IN A TUB OF WATER UNTIL LIFE IS EXTINGUISHED; NEAR MONTICELLO, ILL.—SEE PAGE 6.

thorough thrashing, they compelled him on his bended knees to promise that he would never insult a young lady again, which he did with a contrite and humble heart.

TO THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS

Via the Bullet Route—How the Indians Execute a Murderer.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Last week a Creek Indian was executed at Eufala, I. T., for a murder committed about two months ago, near Hillabee Town. The crime was a peculiar one. The Indian suspected another one of having seduced his wife; he told his grievances to a third party, who had cause for the same suspicion in regard to his own domestic affairs, and together they agreed to kill the seducer. They went to his house after nightfall, when he was asleep. The door was standing open, and one of the Indians drew a bead on the victim, but lowered his gun, remarking that he hadn't the heart to kill a sleeping man. The other one took the gun, and, telling his companion to watch him and learn how to kill a man, fired and killed the object of their wrath. The murderer was arrested, tried and convicted, and last week, executed by being shot through the heart. An Indian who arrested him acted as executioner. The victim's eyes were bandaged, but his hands were left free. He marked a place just over the heart on his clothing, and turning his side to the officer told him to fire. He was shot twice, both balls entering the heart. He displayed the utmost coolness throughout, even asking that his eyes be left unbandaged, as he wanted to look death square in the face.

THE YOUNG MAN.

Trying to Imitate his Father, but Not Possessed of the Stuff.

Kit Carson Jr., with a broad sombrero, long train, and a string of medals, recently passed through Denver. Kit, in early days renowned for his Indian escapades, has been out on a visit to the scenes of his youth. Having turned Christian, as he terms it, he now prefers to live in the orthodox manner, and, above all, "maintain a cleanly exterior." He has been personally inspecting some of his mining claims in the North Park section, located in the days when that region was a *terra incognita*. The mines, he concludes, are of great promise. He still maintains his



A. C. BRANSCOME, FORGER AND CONFIDENCE MAN; SENT TO SING SING.

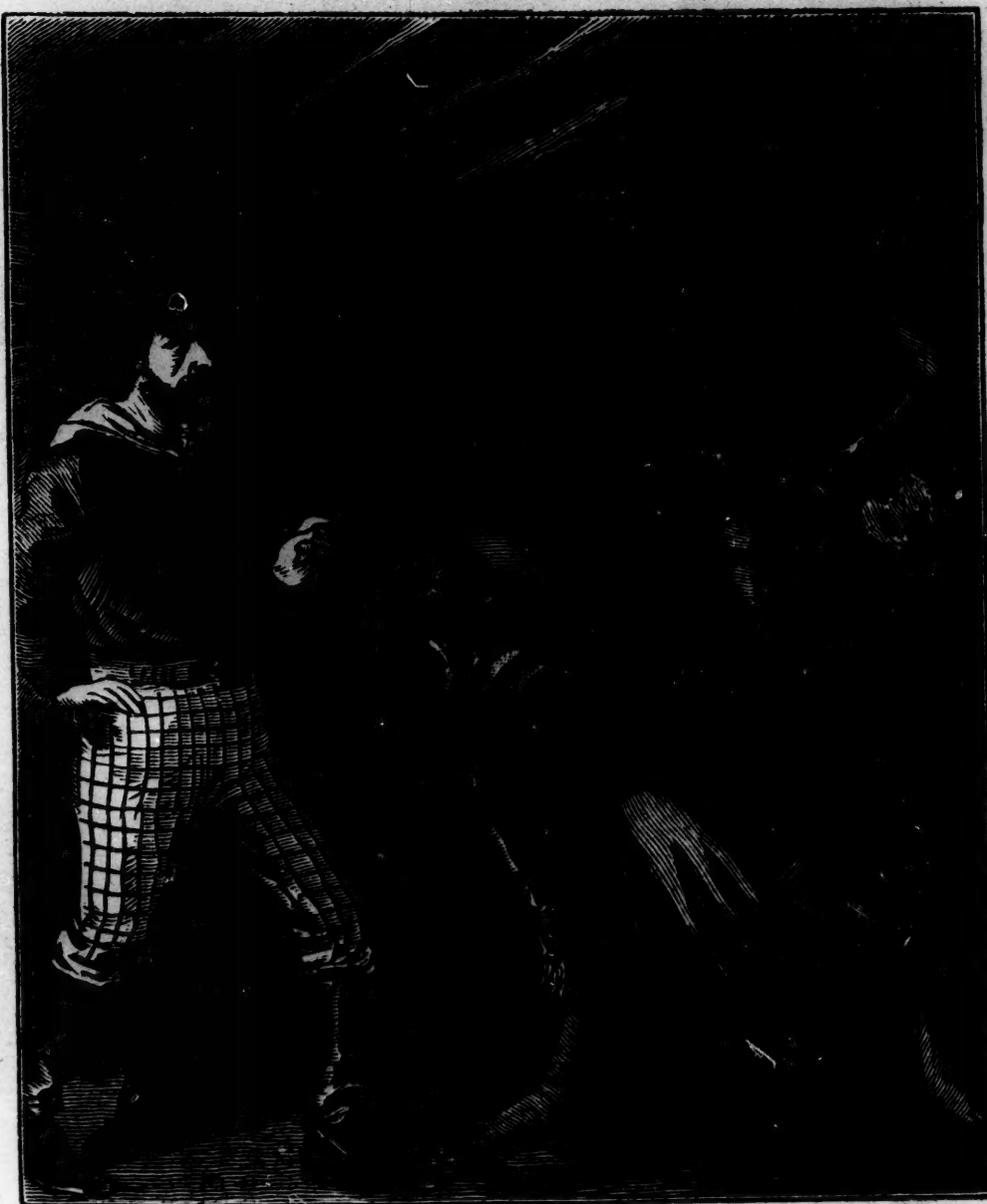
abstention views, and declares that he never tasted liquid, other than water, till a couple of years ago. Since that time he has ventured upon such additional exciting stimulants as milk, tea and coffee, but no intoxicant has yet crossed his lips, nor seems likely to. He deeply inveighs against the abuses of liquor practiced by his late comrades. Stanley, the great



SENDING "LO TO THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS"—VIA THE BULLET ROUTE—HOW THE INDIANS OF EUFALA, I. T., EXECUTE A CRIMINAL, LEGALLY.

African traveler, Carson says, has forgotten him, though Kit remembers the time when, dead broke, they clipped sheep in New Mexico at two cents a head. After this they took a turn at teaming

between Salt Lake City and Ogden at a monthly remuneration of \$18. Kit Carson now poses as an actor, and in the kindred capacity of showman in company with Captain Paul Boyton, he is on the



A HORRIBLE DISCOVERY—A CRAZY WOMAN LIVING IN AN UNFREQUENTED SPOT, DESTROYS HER COMPANIONS AND LIVES ALONE WITH THEIR CARCASSES; ASHCROFT, COL.—SEE PAGE 6.

point of starting for Europe, with a number of friendly Indians, skilled in the arts practiced by the noble red men. He expects to present the vagabond crew before the nobility of Europe.

KILLED BY A RAT.

A Rodent's Human Meal—A Families Horrid Discovery.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The Family of Franklin Kantner, living near Womelsdorf, Berks county, were aroused on Monday morning by the screams of their four-month-old child. To their horror they found a rat biting the baby in the throat. The rat jumped from the cradle and escaped. The child died of convulsions and loss of blood.

THE AIRS OF THE UNGODLY.

Shocking the Devout at Moody's Meeting.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A very amusing incident of Moody's meeting at Northfield, Mass., to the few who were cognizant of it, was the advent in the midst of a group made up of several of the most devout members of the convocation, of a beautiful, showily-dressed, voluptuous-looking woman, in a dress that was, for these times, and especially for such a company, shocking. The devout women looked at each other and at the woman in amazement; the two or three men in the group turned away. One of the devout women tore a leaf from her note-book, wrote a few lines on it, and handing it to the woman, took her departure. The woman looked surprised, but she read the note, tore the paper in bits and tucked the bits in her glove. Presently she shivered a little as if with cold, and putting on her linen duster drew it up and buttoned one button. "Thank God for one button!" said the oldest of the devout women. And the garment was pulled higher and buttoned closely about the fair throat.

POLITICS.

What a Citizen Got For Being too Enthusiastic Over Them.

[With Portraits.]

The village of Washington, Ind., was recently the scene of a murder, resulting from too much enthusiasm over politics. A large procession was passing through the streets, when a man in the ranks got



PERRY WILSON, MURDERED AT A POLITICAL MEETING; WASHINGTON, IND.

into an altercation with a negro who was looking on. Shortly after this fracas three pistol shots were fired into the crowd, the second taking effect in the brain of Perry Wilson, one of the most respected citizens of the town. He fell to the sidewalk, and expired in a few minutes after. No clue can be obtained to the party who fired the fatal shot.

FEMALE VIVISECTORS,

And How a Missing Monkey Gave the Secret Away.

DAINTY DEVILRY IN SCIENCE'S NAME.

A Fourteenth Street Back Parlor
Where the Inquisition Torturers
Might Pick up Points—Mangling and Maming
Living

BODIES AS A FINE ART.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The extent to which vivisection is being carried in New York has roused Mr. Bergh to much indignant protest lately and the subject has been pretty well ventilated in the papers. It is an open secret that experimental surgery on living animals is practiced mercilessly and extensively in the metropolis, in connection with private medical instruction as well as public. Many of the advanced students of the great medical schools, even, have organized into vivisection clubs independently of their regular curriculum and prosecute their barbarous researches in quiet class rooms whose location the keen detectives of the S. P. C. A. have not as yet been able to ferret out.

Accident came near revealing one of these side-shows of surgical science last week, however, and that, the most ruinous of all. It is nothing less, in fact, than a "Female Vivisection Club."

Fourteenth street, from Sixth to Ninth avenues, is a thoroughfare of elegant private and boarding houses, almost every one of which sports a doctor's sign at its front door. The names of a number of lady physicians figure among these. In most cases two or three of the female practitioners clubbing together and using the same office to lighten the expense.

Several of these fair priestesses of the pill-box are well known and really able and advanced practitioners, and are in request by the female medical students here as demonstrators of those more delicate clinical points which are not adverted to in the mixed public classes of the great schools. Their rates are high, but, as the instruction they impart is as exceptionally valuable as it is essential, their classes are always profitably filled with the sweetest and most select acolytes of medicine in the country.

The most popular of these private schools of instruction is situated on the upper side of Fourteenth street, a few doors from Seventh avenue. Its superintendent, whom we may as well call Mrs. Dr. X., is famous for her real name as well as surgeon, and one of the most skillful anatomists in this city.

Some months ago a physician who attended a sale of game cocks captured by some of Mr. Bergh's men up the Hudson noticed that Dr. X. was the purchaser of several of the finest of these fowl. Now when a doctor buys game cocks there are only two inferences possible. They are purchased either for breeding or vivisection; as no one ever even suspected Dr. X. of sporting proclivities her investment in fighting fowl aroused the rival practitioners' suspicions. Information gained from time to time confirmed them. There could be no doubt that Mrs. Dr. X. was either conducting or taking part in dissections of living animals.

Her purchases were not confined to game cocks. One of her servants whom the amateur detective succeeded in getting on a confidential footing with informed him that her mistress had a perfect menagerie of kittens, puppies, pigeons, rabbits, guinea-pigs and such small deer as are favorites with the vivisectionists in the back basement. What use was made of them the girl was unable to say. They were certainly never eaten, yet from time to time they disappeared. These disappearances were always noticeable just after the young lady students had had a meeting in the back parlor which Dr. X. used as an office and which no one was permitted to enter except upon her invitation.

Discoveries ended here.

None of the servants knew any more than the first, and the couple of young women pupils of Dr. X. guardedly interviewed on the subject preserved an inviolable secrecy. It may as well be noted here that it is a point of honor with those who take part in or view a vivisection never to advert to the fact or to their fellow participants in it outside of the circle itself. Accident, however, did in the present case what all the cunning curiosity could engender failed to achieve.

Fifteenth street, west of Sixth avenue, is the very antithesis of Fourteenth in the matter of respectability. It is a street of tenement houses and old time dwellings which have deteriorated into lodgings of the cheapest sort. Here and there sulky little alleys lead into rear courts where there are stables for the horses of the truckmen and licensed vendors who leave their vehicles in the street over night.

One of these courts is directly in the rear of the medical house on Fourteenth street, separated from it only by an extensive yard.

The floor above the stable is occupied by a man who practices veterinary surgery in a small way, and his family. Among the lodgers in the front tenement there was some time ago an exile from sunny

Italy who followed his national calling for subsistence. As a matter of course he had a monkey.

It contracted a mange, or something of that sort, and became incapacitated for that ornamental part a monkey is expected to perform in connection with a barrel organ. So its owner sent it to the doctor, as he is popularly called, to be cured. It was a long task and a difficult one, for the Simian constitution was completely run down and had to be built up with judgment and care. In the end, however, Jocko became fat and frolicsome again. His recovery was so complete that the doctor considered himself justified in charging \$25 for the cure he had wrought. The Italian, who had in the meantime bought a new monkey for less than half the money, considered the bill exorbitant and refused to pay it. So the doctor, who had taken quite a friendly fancy to his Darwinian patient, kept it for himself.

Jocko was an ape of intelligence and docility, consequently his new master judged it quite safe to let him have the run of the house, or, to speak more by the card, of the stable. He was soon on friendly terms with every one, from the horses and hostlers to the children and cats. He learned more tricks than a circus mule, and was constantly adding to his store of knowledge. As the neighbors affirmed, he only needed to talk. More than one of them firmly believed that that would in time be added to his sum of accomplishments, too. Several offers had been made for him by people in the show line, but the doctor had invariably declined to consider them.

When, ten days ago, he disappeared, no one doubted but he had been stolen by one of the successful bidders for his valuable talents. Realizing the uselessness of any attempt to recover him if such had been his fate, the doctor did not even go to the trouble of advertising him, but determined to take his value out of the anatomy of the next showman he came across.

The monkey's disappearance was some days old, when his bereaved master, smoking his pet meerschaum after dinner, dropped the bowl out of his back window into the rear yard. It was too dark to attract the attention of any of the servants in the Fourteenth street house, so he jumped down to rescue the pipe himself. This done, he crossed the yard to get a step ladder, which was usually placed against the house wall, to assist him back to his old quarters. There was a light in the rear window on the ground floor, and shadows moved about on the white curtain. He noticed at once that they were those of women. A crevice between the curtain and the window frame permitted him to see that they were bareheaded, with long check aprons over their dresses, and gathered about a table on which there were open cases of surgical instruments. Some object whose character he could not at first distinguish was confined to a curious iron frame on the table. As he looked one of the women bent over it, scalpel in hand. The next instant a shrill scream, an unmistakable shriek of intense anguish, reached the eavesdropper's ears.

"I told you you would have to make an incision in its throat, doctor," he heard one say. "It will rouse the whole neighborhood if you don't."

"Very well."

And the lady bent over what the horror-stricken doctor now saw, or fancied he saw, was a struggling negro baby, and with a dextrous sweep of the scalpel laid its windpipe bare. Another stroke, and a portion of the windpipe itself was removed. The subject of these tender attentions struggled and strove to break the cords which fastened it to the frame, but it no longer gave vent to any vocal sound. The women gathered closer about the table again. The operator, whom the doctor recognized as the lady physician whose shingle adorned the front doorway, bent forward. A second later and a shower of blood sprinkled the bare arms and the check aprons of the surrounding group. The doctress had ripped the monkey open.

Without waiting to see any further anatomy developed, the doctor jumped through the window, glass, sash, curtain and all. There was a scattering of skirts, of course. And he now saw that what he had taken for an infant of Ethiopian origin was his own missing monkey. He had stumbled in Mrs. Dr. X.'s class, at a vivisection.

What followed nobody but the doctor or a member of the vivisection club could satisfactorily explain, and they have not so far decided to do so. But from the fact that Jocko's master turned up next day in a new spring suit it may be inferred that the result was satisfactory to him.

There are iron shutters on the windows of Mrs. Doctor X.'s office now, and anybody with any respect for man traps had better beware of that back yard.

A CLOSE CALL.

A Tight-Rope Walker's Foolhardy Exploit
A Dizzy Head and a Dizzy Height.

[Subject of Illustration.]

J. A. Bonn, a tight-rope acrobat, who was announced to appear at Clyde, Ohio, last week, was so drunk upon his arrival in that town that the people thought it would be foolhardy for him to attempt his rope-walking performance. Nevertheless, Bonn having fortified himself with several drinks, he climbed the tower of the town hall and started to walk the rope. The hundreds who had gathered below shouted to him to go back, but Bonn kept straight ahead, apparently staggering at every step. Suddenly the drunken performer dropped his balance pole. The crowd groaned and many persons hid their eyes. Bonn fell backward, but like a flash his right leg wrapped around the rope and held on. He said afterwards that the loss of his pole sobered him instantly.

Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portrait.]

Mlle. Kassine, of the Folies Bergeres, Paris, is one of the reigning beauties of the French stage. She is not only beautiful but talented, and her future is bright with promise.

A MANIAC MURDERESS.

The Horrible Discovery of a Prospector in the Gunnison Country—Attacked With an Ax—A Skeleton and a New Made Grave—Husband and Son Murdered.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A strange story of mystery and crime comes from the hills of the Gunnison Country through the medium of a reliable prospector from that wild section of Colorado.

That region lying around and beyond the camp now known as Ashcroft, is one reputed by the bold and adventurous prospectors and miners who have penetrated the vastness of the mountains beyond, as one abounding in deep caverns, mountain lakes and narrow passes through walls of granite.

In some places the country is wholly impassable, and there are still regions which were never explored except by savages and wild beasts.

In his search for metals, Mr. Henry Cavanaugh, of Ashcroft, penetrated a deep gully which led him to a rocky valley, through the center of which ran a silvery brook.

In the shelter of the hanging rocks he detected the ruins of a log cabin, which to form the habitation of a civilized being, for from the almost dismantled clay chimney he saw issue a blue wreath of smoke, circling lazily up into the air. As he approached the door, he was surprised to hear a woman's voice within, talking in an irrelevant strain and anon bursting into a loud and lamenting cry. He went nearer to the door, when he was startled by the appearance of a fantastically-clad woman with streaming gray hair and small blood-shot eyes, who gave vent to a piercing scream, that sounded perfectly demoniacal as she spied the intruder.

In an instant she sprang back from the door into the ruin, whence in an instant after she reappeared armed with an ax and rushing to where Mr. Cavanaugh stood, undecided what to do, she raised it as if to strike him. He was on the point of turning and taking to his heels when the strange creature dropped her weapon and with an angry expression ran back to the cabin.

He picked up the ax and slowly followed her, addressing her in kind tones, in hopes of allaying her anger, which he finally succeeded in doing sufficiently for the woman to allow him to pass into the cabin. A prostrating stench met him from the interior of an adjoining room, but when he attempted to open the door and enter the apartment the erratic tenant of the ruin rushed ahead of him and took up her position in front of the door, screaming and shaking her fist at him and commanding him to stand back. As he had conjectured, on first seeing her, the woman was a maniac, and, fearing to trust himself where she was, he determined to go back to camp and return with assistance to help him in unravelling the mystery that enshrouded the cabin.

He acted upon the impulse, and having found the camp where three of his friends were at work, he notified them, and all four proceeded to where the cabin was.

Despite the threatening attitude of the woman as they approached the cabin, they forced an entrance and entered the apartment from which the smell emanated.

The walls of the room were nearly rotten from the effects of snow and rain. Upon a rude couch they saw lying the form of a man, nearly reduced to a skeleton, the white bones of the chest and head being plainly exposed to view. The remnant of flesh which still covered the neck and other portions of the head and body had turned to an intense black and emitted the terrible odor which had aroused the suspicions of the prospector on his first visit.

All the time that the men were in the death-room the woman shrieked and behaved as only a maniac can behave, and, but for the fact that at their entrance they had as a measure of precaution possessed themselves of every instrument which might be employed by her as an effective weapon, the party would doubtless have come to harm. In searching the room for some clue to the identity of the dead owner of the cabin, they came upon a new-made grave in the corner. They procured a shovel, and, opening it, found a human body in a state of advanced decomposition, showing that death had ensued about the same time that it had overtaken the man on the couch.

The body was that of a young man, and from the evidence of a horrible gash inflicted in the back of the head, they concluded that he had been murdered. This led them to make a closer examination of the body on the bed, and they found a deep gash, evidently inflicted by an ax, extending from the left shoulder where it joins the neck, in a diagonal direction across the spinal column, almost severing the same.

On examination, the blade of the ax, which the woman had raised at Mr. Cavanaugh, some dark rust stains were discovered, together with traces of human hair, proving beyond a doubt that the ax had been the instrument with which the bloody deed was committed.

They now turned their attention to the crazy woman in the hope of inducing her to reveal the manner of this man's death, but could obtain no information of any kind from her to explain the mystery.

They camped some distance from the cabin that night, intending to take the unfortunate woman to Aspen the following morning, and then send her to Buena Vista or Leadville for safety. During the night they heard her utter several frightful screams, and when, the next morning—the 30th of July—they pro-

ceeded to the cabin, they found her lying dead in the doorway which led to the room containing the dead bodies.

They prosecuted their search for some clue to the identity of the ill-starred tenants of the cabin, but found only the following letter in a coat which hung on the wall, written in a scrawling hand and barely legible:

KANSAS CITY, November 9.

DEAR ABE—I hear you be going out to the Gunnison country and have got tired of Leadville. I want you to write to me and tell me how that country is. Jim and Charley think some of going, too, but want to know first how it is before they start. They want to know if mining in that country will pay, and what they can live for, because they haven't made anything all summer and don't want to risk too much. Please write and let us know all you can about it. Your old friend,
HARVEY BENNETT.

The envelope having been destroyed, they were unable to make out to whom it was addressed.

They buried the bodies and left the scene of horror without delay, and without having succeeded in defining under what circumstances, and who had committed the murder. From the actions of the woman, she must have murdered what appears to have been her husband and son.

TOO FRESH FOR ANYTHING.

But Then he Came From Boston and Couldn't Help it—He Treated to Wine, and Had All the Swell Taken Out of Him by a Rude Bar-Tender—An Economical Shirt.

[Subject of Illustration.]

If this story isn't true, the genial press agent and attaches of a leading local variety theatre must be awful liars.

A little man, with an "ain't I-just-a-daisy" expression, strolled into the wine-room the other night. He was a real nobby little fellow. His clothes were the best that could be bought for twelve dollars a suit in Chatham street, and he wore enough jewelry to start a foundry on. He made the tour of the room, with his nose in the air like a pig's in a gale of wind, and finally jocularly pinched a young lady in the serio-comic line, who was refreshing on a glass of beer, on her plump arm, and observed graciously:

"How d'y, sis?"

"None the better for seeing you," replied the lady, sharply.

"Oh! Come, now; she ain't mad, ain't she?" asked the little man with much affected concern.

"If you keep on a little longer you'll find out."

"I'll keep on long enough to ask you to take a drink."

This suggestion seemed to strike the serio-comic lady where she lived.

"You don't mean it?" she observed skeptically.

"Don't I though?"

"No, you don't."

"That's all you know about it, then. Give it a name."

And the little man rattled his cane on the bar till he broke it, when the bar tender approached and took the serio-comic lady's order. It was an order that caused the nobby gentleman's jaw to drop, and imparted a generally sick expression to his visage.

"A large bottle of Mumm, Jim."

The cork was popped and the glasses filled, but the nobby little gentleman took his like so much medicine. He was commencing to brace up and taste his second glass with more enjoyment, when his fair friend called to a flash looking young man who had just entered to join them.

"This is my husband, Cul," she observed, introducing the stranger. "The gent's standing wine, Jakey."

"He ain't standing wine for you, anyhow," said the now thoroughly disgusted taster, and he started away, when the bar-tender shouted after him:

"Hi there! Step up and pay for that wine."

And reaching over the counter, he seized the departing swell by the collar. If the coat to which that collar was attached had been as strong as the bar-tender, it would have been all right. But it wasn't. So, when the little man gave a jerk to free himself, the garment in question split right down the back seam. So did the vest, which the bar-tender had also included in his potent grip. The two halves slipped off the wearer's shoulders to the floor. Three nickels and nine pennies rolled out of one pocket, and a brass door-key shackled to the end of a watch chain out of the other.

But that wasn't what made the crowd laugh.

It was something a great deal funnier.

It was that the nobby little man stood revealed in an old red flannel shirt, patched, darned and holier than any saint in the calendar, with a paper collar and a Stanley tie pinned to it, and a pair of paper cuffs.

"I hadn't even the nerve to strike for the wine again," said the bar-tender to a GAZETTE reporter, "and Minetta stood another bottle and then took him into her dressing-room and basted up his coat for him. The queerest part of it all was that after he had sneaked out I found a busted old letter-case on the floor. There wasn't nothing in it but some cards and a letter, but they showed what he was."

"And what was he?"

"A newspaper man huntin' up points for a Boston paper."

The moral, if there is any at all, is obviously that the newspaper business in Boston must be in a bad way.

Baby Mine.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A woman near Monticello, Ill., while laboring under a fit of temporary insanity, took her babe from its bed, filled a tub with water, and held its head under until life was extinct. It is asserted that her insanity has been brought about by indulgence in opium, and that she was crazed for want of the drug.

NEW YORK BY DAY AND NIGHT.

Striking Pictures as We Go Around
the Clock--Midnight Scenes
and Noontide Photo-
graphs.

A SUMMER NIGHT FESTIVAL.

Champagne and Diamonds on a Spree
at the Sea Shore.

A DAYBREAK DRAMA.

BY AN OLD ROUNDER.

(Subject of Illustration.)

The season of the autumn night festival has arrived. I know it for a three-quarter dead certainty, and I don't know but I had just as leave go the entire porker and leave some other old rounder to finish my work, if it were not that the bar-tender is doing himself credit on a pitcher of champagne punch, and it would be a shame to let that royal compound go to waste.

From the above resolution you may infer two things.

Primo—that I have been taking in a autumn night festival.

I have.

Secundo—that I haven't got home yet.

Again you have made a shot plumb in the center of bull-eye of fact.

We have, in short, been assisting in the festivities with which the "Society of Humorous Harmonics" annually celebrates its existence and rakes in enough in the way of ticket money to keep a keg on tap in the club room for the rest of the year. Not that Sketchley and I have contributed anything toward that keg. We know a trick worth too many of that, ever to take second choice.

The press ticket!

The press ticket is an institution which cannot be too extensively encouraged, however differently the treasurer may regard it; in fact I can produce the affidavits of some 9,999 correspondents of out of town newspapers that if it were not for the existence of the press ticket they could not be induced to lend their countenance to any of the entertainments with which the metropolis keeps up the round of relaxation from year's end to year's end.

I know this to be a fact, too, because I saw a number of them last night frowning their disapprobation on the giddy throng that swayed in past the doorkeepers, and when I asked my friend, Tody Hamilton, why this was thus, he replied, with his usual stability:

"I ran out of tickets before I got to them."

"So now they are going to run you down."

"Exactly. Let's go up to the committee room."

This involves another brief explanation.

The press ticket, along with the admission to entertainments of a convivial character, entitles the bearer also to the privileges of the wine-room, where, in the interest of immortal journalism, champagne floweth even like unto water and one drinketh to satisfy or more so and payeth no bill. It is a curious fact that though every critic gets square for the headache he wakes up with by stabbing his host of the night before as viciously as he knows how, this free junket is steadfastly called "influencing the press," and no masquerade or autumn festival is considered complete without it any more than any museum used to be without the club that Captain Cook was killed with or any circus is to-day without a baby elephant, "positively the only one ever born in captivity."

Apropos of the latter remarkable animal we viewed it as members of the press, too, of a press of ten thousand people who were crowding into the London show one windy afternoon last spring over in Brooklyn, and Angelica, whom I shall take great pleasure in introducing to you more formally some day, has been horriously her highly moral sisters, her ditto cousins and likewise her aunts, ever since by paradoxical allusions to the time when she saw the elephant and it was such a lark.

But to return to our festival before we lose our places.

It was held at Coney Island in a hotel chartered for the purpose. There was a time when Jones' Wood, or Elm Park, or some like sylvan retreats were deemed sufficiently commodious and magnificent for these ceremonials, but that was in the days when lager beer and ham sandwiches made up the bill of fare, with pig's feet and pickled herring for a fellow to find in his pocket when he woke up with his boots on, and his hat carefully tucked away under his pillow; in these piping times of prosperity and advanced civilization we prefer the lime-light and the gas-jet to the flicker of the Chinese lantern among the firefly-haunted trees, and though the sandwich and the porcine pedal make a good enough midday lunch, it takes a French cook to tickle our midnight palates into proper sentimentality and keep the champagne from entering a stomachic protest against low company.

Frequently it gets its back up anyhow, but that is usually discovered to be the case with gentlemen who have been saving up for a free feed and got too much liquid down before the supper season came to pass.

Do you want a autumn night festival described

It is only a French ball in the dog days, with a German parade thrown in and the agreeable liberty of leaving your dress suit in your own or Mr. Solomon Isaacs' closet and wearing the easiest apparel you please. Of course some idiots besides the necessary masquers turn up in costume. They only add to the general hilarity however by the sincerity with which they wish they hadn't before supper time. Until Charles Lamb's dream of midsummer bliss, the taking off of one's flesh and traveling in one's bones, is realized, I intend to stick to blue flannel as the next best thing for the humorous harmonic festivals.

The ladies go in a little more extensively for style, but it comes out rather in diamonds than dress.

For a free diamond display our event of last night would be, like the Democratic ticket,—but you can fill the blank yourself as I never talk politics when I am sober.

There was one glorious creature who made the usual impression on your artist's susceptible heart who created a perfect stream of glittering light as she moved about in the crowd. You could trace her wake, like that of a ship over a moonlight sea, by the dazzle it left on your retina, and when the electric light got a focus on her she fairly vanished in the blaze of her own artificial radiance.

It rather spoiled the first impression to find this magnificent being in the small hours, with her tawny hair all afloat and her bangle-weighted arm unsteady enough to waste the wine at the rate of half a tumbler a drink, perched on the shoulder of a watery lipped and antique individual in a wig and dyed whiskers, feeding cake to him with one hand while she washed it down for him by the proxy of her own throat and out of the bottle with the other.

But then diamonds cost money and somebody has to buy them.

And I'd rather see our Queen of Diamonds feeding her archaic lover with cake than watch that young man with the liberal nose treating his girl to lobster salad out of the same dish he is doing his own shovelling from and using the same knife too.

Why will people eat with the knife, anyhow.

The fork is a deal handier, and in the matter of elegance there is no comparison.

A fastidious young friend of mine once imparted to me the fact that he had at last found his affinity, a girl whom he considered really worthy of him.

Since he assured me of it I of course believed him.

He had met her on Broadway, and the amount of board bill he squandered in *Herald* personals before their correspondence became familiar enough to endure the inexpensiveness of the post was simply shocking.

The critical time of meeting approached. They had a rendezvous at Taylor's and he inveigled me in to accompanying him as far as the door, partly to lend him moral support and partly to keep him from exploding and taking the first stranger he met into his confidence.

We approached the charmed spot by a circuitous route, and as we passed one of the Eleventh street windows he halted and gripped my arm.

"There she is, now," he gasped. "Oh! But isn't she an angel?"

A pretty girl in fawn color and a pink hat was hunching behind one of those boxes of plants with which the windows of the famous restaurant are ornamented. Unconscious of our presence, she went in for her salad with the full enjoyment of a good appetite.

Instead of enjoying the possession of so healthful an attribute in the idol of his soul, my friend turned pale and staggered back, gurgling:

"She eats—!"

"Of course she does. Did you take her for a chameleon?"

"But she eats with her knife!"

And so she did.

We lunched on sandwiches and beer in a Clinton Place basement, and next day he took rooms in the Bachelor's Hotel and sold his dress suit. I haven't seen him since that fatal day but I have been credibly informed that he goes so far now as to wear green glasses when he takes a walk and has his linen done up by a Chinaman.

So much for the shattering of an ideal; if poor little pink hornet had only not given herself away till the agony was over, now!

The dances at the autumn night festival are in full blast by the time we get back from this flyer, and the amount of perspiration and enjoyment people seem to be getting out of them is simply astonishing.

But you can bet heavily on the fact that it won't last.

It takes a terrible deal of champagne to brace up for a waltz in this weather, and champagne has a faculty peculiarly its own of getting into your head and tangling your legs at one and the same time. Like every good servant you ever heard of, it makes a bad master when it gets the whip hand.

Then the broad verandah, and the balconies through which the sea breeze blows fresh and cool from the sky where it is commencing to turn from purple to ash color, will begin to fill with shadows, unsteady shadows, which have different peculiarities of outline and which travel lovingly with arms about one another. The benches will soon be full, and the big basket chairs will load up. A hammock or two will swing under a burden of which tapering ankles and white arms form a loose-jointed part. Unsteady parties will vanish in the black mass of the big pier whose myriad lights are growing dimmer in the coming day, and from which boats have come and gone all night long. There is revelry in the ball-room yet, and waiters with loaded trays flit along the verandahs. The dropping fire of champagne corks still keeps up, for the shadows have stomachs, although their legs are not reliable; but the constant departure of carriages for the drive to Brooklyn, and of pedestrians for the boats and trains, thins the throng steadily, and by the time the eastern firmament glows rosy with the blush of dawn the festival is over.

There are the blackened remnants of the fireworks

on the gaunt framework where they blazed in fiery allegories and fantasies a few hours ago, the trampled trail of the great parade on the sand, and the ruined lawn, and scattered all about tatters of lace, soiled gloves, scarfs and handkerchiefs, and the multifarious similar remnants of wounded wardrobe which always mark where a crush has been. The amphibious denizens of the Island who have got up early especially for the occasion stroll about, with furtive glances at the hotel they dare not approach, picking up relics and grabbing stray bits of jewelry with the guilty air people always have when they get hold of something they have no right to. The genus tramp is represented, too. Like the buzzards who appear by magic in a clear sky over a carrion, this unsavory gentry has been the first on hand seeking what spoil luck sends it.

There is one of these—the skulking wreck of a once handsome man—to whose degraded presence a suggestion of the gentleman or the soldier yet clings. He ventures closer to the verandah than the rest, shambling along, hugging himself in his foul rags, which are wet, as if he had taken a bath without the formality of removing them. A clear voice reaches our ears, and makes him stop to look up with a start.

It is the Queen of Diamonds, who has come out leaning heavily on her antique lover's arm. In the early sunlight the gems amid her disordered hair and tumbled at tire blaze like a shower of living fire.

"Confound it, Max," she says, "when will the carriage come? My head is bursting."

"It won't be a minute now, dear."

"If it is much longer it might as well be an ambulance. Damn champagne punch! There! I've gone and said it."

And she forced the ghost of a light laugh. It was lost in a hoarse, harsh cry, and the tramp on the lawn straightened up and advanced a step with outstretched arms. The Queen of Diamonds measured him from head to foot, with the most perfect nonchalance for a minute, while he stood motionless.

"Why, I believe it's George," she said calmly.

"Let us go inside, Max. And he promised to keep away from me after that last hundred, too."

The banker's carriage almost shaved a wheel from a rough beach cart as it whirled into the concourse, and the liveried coachman observed sarcastically, "That's a nice funeral turnout of yours!"

"Don't you want a look at the corpse?" returned the waggoner, grinning.

And with a twist of his hand he threw back the canvas covering from the load in the bottom of his cart.

"Dropped dead, I reckon," he observed sententially.

"I'm a-taking him to the beach, where the currier sets. Ain't he a beauty for a mooseum though?"

"What was it, Max?"

"I really believe, my dear, it was that fellow we saw at the hotel."

"My—George, you mean?"

"Yes."

"Well, upon my word. Has he gone and become reasonable at last?"

And a pair of eyes sparkling with sudden excitement stared curiously back at the cart joggling along the beach, with the gulls wheeling in long circles overhead breaking the morning silence with their lugubrious calls.

AN OPIUM-EATER'S CONFESSION.

A St. Louis Clergyman Frankly Details His Experience With That Drug.

Rev. W. F. Camp, a Methodist divine well known in the West, created something of a sensation by making the confession of an opium eater at a temperance mass meeting held in St. Louis, Mo., a few evenings since. The reverend gentleman stated that he would say a few words on a subject close akin to temperance, that of opium eating, which has never been spoken upon or written upon as it should be. The public, he said, would be surprised to know the extent of this gigantic evil.

In St. Louis, out of its census of 335,000, there were at least 10,000 persons who were addicted to the habitual use of opium, and who were surely becoming victims of its galling chains or had already become so. It was sold in that city by the dram, ounce and pound, yet the physicians only used it by the grain. In fact, the physicians were the smallest consumers of the drug, and yet it was brought to the city in enormous quantities. It was bought by people who had no theoretical knowledge of its use, and were perfect slaves to it. The fact was that human nature seemed to have a depraved desire for narcotics. All narcotics were similar in their effects, and were terrible agents used to the detriment of health and moral character. The speaker then said he had been a sad exemplification of the vice of opium eating, and although it pained him to say it, he intended to do so for the benefit of his fellow men. He then entered into a detailed history of his terrible experiences, telling how, from 1847 to 1860, he practiced medicine in the Mississippi Valley, and having to ride night and day for at least four months of the year, exposed to malaria, commenced to take quinine in from five to ten grain doses. He then added morphine to the quinine, and after a time began to drink whisky. In 1865 he fully consecrated himself to the ministry, and in 1867 was appointed pastor of the First Methodist Church of St. Louis. There he remained until sent to Lexington, Mo. In the latter part of 1870 trouble came upon him and he began to use opium and whisky to excess. One grain of opium was found sufficient, and he increased the dose until he found himself taking twenty-five grains.

His descriptions of his sufferings during this period were intensely interesting, and filled the audience with the deepest sympathy. Two months ago the reverend gentleman, while insensible, was conveyed to a private inebriate hospital and put under treatment. He expresses the belief that he is cured, and hence the confession. At the conclusion of Camp's confession, Dr. Widnery, who had made a

specialty of treating for the drink and opium habit, said, that it was no over estimate to say, that 10,000 St. Louisans were opium-eaters. Many were taking from one to fifteen grains per day, when two grains would kill a man not accustomed to the use of the drug, and there were others who were taking as high as sixty grains, and who were still alive. He told of the wife of a clergyman in this city who had become a slave to the opium habit, and her husband, desiring to cure her, suggested that they should go to an out-of-the-way place where opium could not be obtained. He felt that if she was where she could not get the drug she would, after a time, become cured of the habit. They selected a place in the Indian Territory, where there was no drug store, and taking board in a private family, prepared to settle down for the carrying out of their plan. On the following day there were two physicians at her bedside, feeling her pulse, and expecting her to die at any moment. They made an effort to obtain some opium, were unable to do so, and a telegram was sent to a distance to secure a supply of the drug. He was trying to run away from the drug, and then he would have given anything for it.

A SAD STORY.

Capture of a Desperate Young Villain—He Induces a Beautiful Young Girl to Leave her Home, and After Going Through a Ceremony of Mock Marriage, Deserts her and Goes to Another Place Where He Robs a Bank.

Rather a distinguished prisoner passed through Little Rock, Ark., last week en route to Sandusky, O. The prisoner was a very young man, with mild blue eyes and a complexion almost as fair as a woman's—much fairer, in fact, than the complexion of some women—colored women, for instance. Officer J. L. Granger, who had charge of the prisoner, told quite an interesting story in regard to a career a trifle more daring and brutal than the mild eyes of the prisoner would indicate.

Several years ago a young man named Harvey Mason, scarcely nineteen years of age, stopped at a farm house near Bloomington Ill. He was hungry and foot-sore and begged the farmer to assist him. The kind-hearted man, moved by the sad story of the young man, invited him in the house and showed him every possible attention. Next day the young man said that although he never worked on a farm, he was perfectly willing to exert himself at any kind of work, to discharge, as far as possible, the debt of obligation. Harvey was so useful, and the old man so much pleased with him, that a permanent situation was offered and accepted. The young man developed rapidly in agricultural science, and before three months had passed the old man declared that Harvey was superior to any hired man in the neighborhood. Among the inmates of the old man's family was a very pretty girl. From the first, an intimacy sprang up between the innocent ward and Harvey. The old gentleman did not notice this, for the boy was so nearly regarded, as one of the family that the intimacy created no suspicion.

One morning when the old man went to Harvey's room to awake him, he discovered that the young man and his trunk were gone. About this time the old farmer's wife made the discovery that her daughter was gone. The grief of the family was bitter. No one knew whether or not the parties had married, but supposed not, as there would have been no objection to the union. For several weeks no light was thrown upon the affair. One night the girl came home. She told a sad story, a story so often told, but always sad. The young man had induced her to run away with him. He said that the old gentleman would not give his consent to the marriage and that they would leave, go to a neighboring village, marry and return home. They went to a railway station, took a train, and before the simple girl could scarcely realize her situation, she was in Cincinnati. Here a bogus marriage ceremony was performed.

The parties then went to a hotel and remained there for several days. After this the wretch took the girl to a house of ill fame and left her there. Here she remained until she gave up all hope of ever being taken away, and at last she went out into the street and finding an officer told her story. A subscription was taken up and the unfortunate girl was sent home.

From Cincinnati Mason went to Sandusky. He went under an assumed name, and succeeded in securing a situation in a grocery store. After remaining there for several months Mason organized a scheme for robbing a bank. Several parties acted in concert with him. At the appointed time the party succeeded in making their way into the bank, and after almost murdering the cashier who happened to be at his post, the key of the safe was obtained. Mason went to Louisiana. Several weeks ago, news was received at Sandusky as to his whereabouts, and an officer dispatched for him. He will, no doubt, receive a just reward.

DUEL WITH KEROSENE LAMPS.

Weapons That Sent Their Warriors to the Unknown Country.

(Subject of Illustration.)

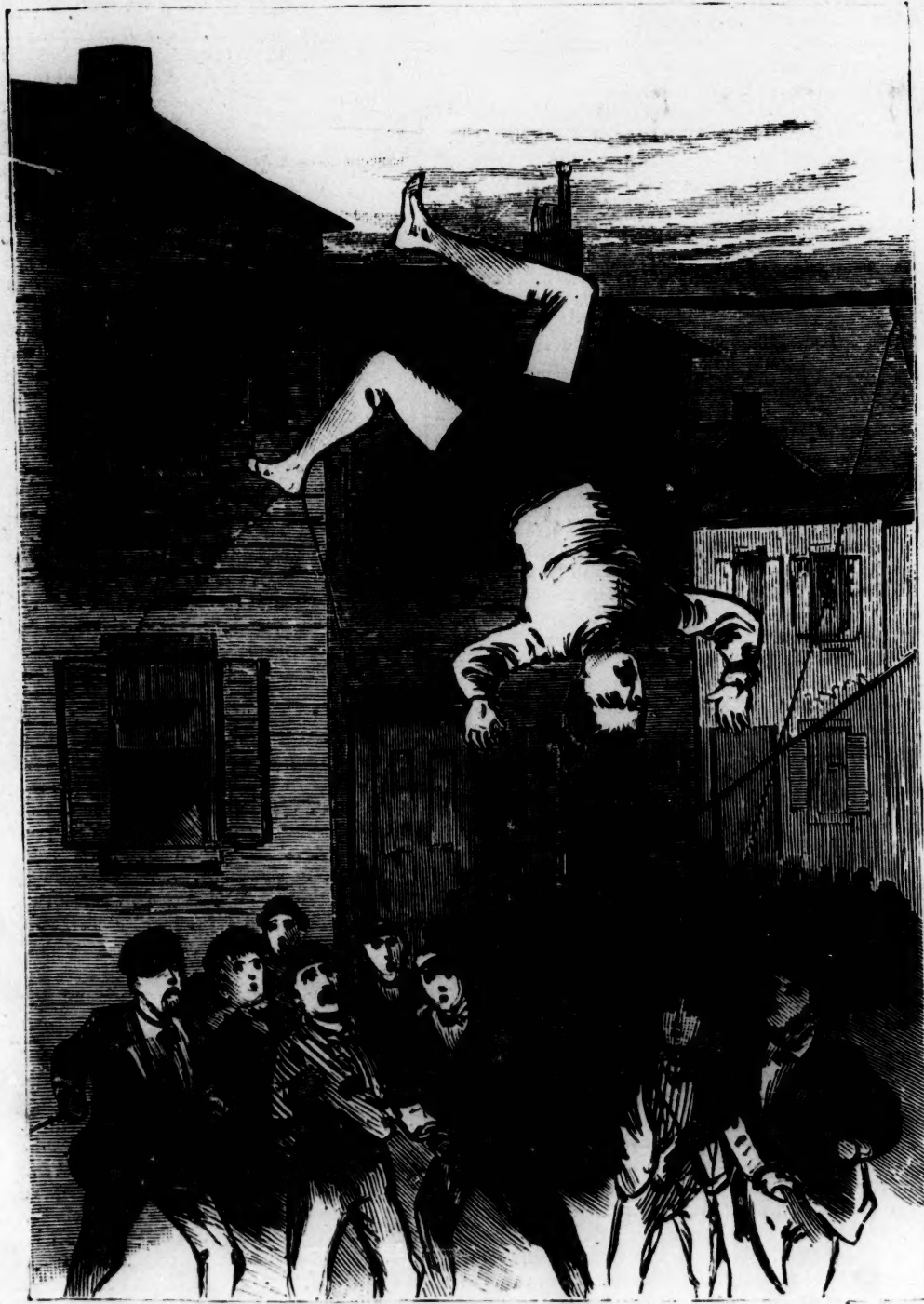
CHICAGO, Sept. 12.—Shortly after midnight last night two workmen, engaged in unloading ore at the Union and Steel Foundry Dock, Ashland avenue, became involved in a quarrel. After a desperate clutch they separated and each seized a kerosene bracket lamp and with curses hurled it at the head of the other. Both lamps struck their mark, two explosions followed, and in a moment both combatants were wrapped in flames. Before their comrades could extinguish the flames both men were unconscious and terribly burned. One of the men (William Doyle) was so badly injured that he died to-day, while the other (Timothy Connell) to-night is not expected to live.



"BLESS MY SOUL, HOW THESE CITY FOLKS DO SLING ON NEEDLESS ADORNMENTS"—A TRAVELING HUMAN FASHION-PLATE SHOCKS THE DEVOUT WORSHIPERS OF A NORTHFIELD, MASS., CHURCH.—SEE PAGE 5.



TWO FEMALES BELONGING TO A BAND OF COUNTERFEITERS FEARING THAT A DETECTIVE WILL TELEGRAPH FOR HELP, CUT COMMUNICATIONS, WHILE THEIR PALS HOLD THEIR ENEMY A PRISONER, NEAR DEADWOOD.—SEE PAGE 2.



PEOPLE WHO WALK ON TIGHT ROPES SHOULD KEEP A CLEAR HEAD.—A "SMART ALEC" IGNORES THIS RULE, AND TAKES A TUMBLE.—SEE PAGE 6.



MISS JEWETT, WHILE RIDING A TWENTY-MILE EQUESTRIENNE RACE AT MINNEAPOLIS, WIS. MEETS WITH AN ACCIDENT AND LOSES THE STAKES.—SEE PAGE 13.



FEMALE VIVISECTORS-A SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION INVESTIGATED.
(SEE PAGE 6.)



TEACHING A SLANDERER A LESSON-A COUPLE OF YOUNG LADIES DISCIPLINE A MAN WHO WAGS HIS TONGUE TOO FREELY; LEWISTON, IDAHO.-SEE PAGE 4.



A COUPLE OF LABOBERS FIGHT A DUEL WITH KEROSENE LAMPS, AND START A LITTLE HADES OF THEIR OWN; CHICAGO, ILL.-SEE PAGE 7.

FAMILY HONOR.

A Black Mark That Was Blotted Out With Blood.

A BROTHER'S TERRIBLE REMEDY.

More Sinned Against Than Sinning, and Dying Unforgiven.

"I KNEW WHAT I WAS DOING."

The trial of Thomas DeJarnette, who murdered his sister in a bagnio, at Danville, Va., commenced on the 7th and ended on the 10th inst., with a verdict of murder in the first degree, with a recommendation to mercy.

Thomas DeJarnette's crime was an unnatural and deliberate one—the murder of his sister because for one week she had been living in a house of shame. About 12½ o'clock on the night of July 8th, the inmates of the house known as "Blonde Hall," in Danville, were called to the front door by loud knocking. When it was opened a young man asked to see Miss Mollie DeJarnette. She came out and recognized him as her brother. At his request she went up stairs to her room with him.

A few minutes later repeated pistol shots were heard in that quarter, and then all was still. Several policemen rushed into the house, and found the door to Mollie DeJarnette's room locked. Upon demanding admission a man's voice said he would not let any one in, whereupon the door was forced open. The sight which met the gaze of the officers was a sickening one. The floor of the apartment was literally a pond of gore, and in it lay—her white wrapper bedabbled with its crimson flow—Mollie DeJarnette, while over her prostrate figure stood her brother, looking sternly at her. She gasped for breath. His hand still clutched the revolver with which he had done such fearful execution.

One of the policemen immediately grabbed him, while the other went to the side of the poor girl. The young man did not make any resistance, and said, very coolly, that he had done what he came there to do, and he was satisfied and ready to meet any fate, whether the penitentiary or the gallows. He said further, that his sister had disgraced her family by leading a life of shame, and he had shot her to wipe out that stain upon the honor of the DeJarnettes. The wounded girl was conscious, and, as her slayer was hurried off to jail, she begged that no harm might be done him. The physicians who were called in at once pronounced her case hopeless, and at her request the Rev. P. A. Peterson of the Methodist Church was sent for.

She said she had only recently adopted a life of sin and shame, and that she had fallen a victim to the duplicity of a libertine eighteen months before. He, under promise of marriage, betrayed her. "I acknowledge the justice of my fate," she continued, "and I wish every virtuous woman in the world might see me now, that they might be deterred from following my example." She appeared to be more concerned about her brother than herself, for she frequently broke off in the narrative to beg that he might not be prosecuted. She spoke with great difficulty, her speech being broken by great gulps of blood from her mouth. Her medical attendant did not think she could possibly live through the night. But on the morning of the next day she was considerably better, and the mayor of the town, accompanied by the Commonwealth's Attorney, took her statement. She was asked if she knew her condition, and she replied:

"Yes, I know I am bound to die in a short time; the pain is so severe I cannot stand it. My brother shot me, but I do not blame him, for I have disgraced my family, and I am the only one for three generations that has. I wrote to my brother yesterday morning, but he did not answer my letter. He came in person. I wrote to him that I would rather get on my knees and ask forgiveness; that God only knew how I suffered. He came last night into my room. He took out his pistol and shot me first in the breast. I ran behind the bed, and as I did so he shot me again. I threw up my hand, and thus saved my life. I beg you not to condemn him. I love him and every drop of blood in his heart. I want to see him now, notwithstanding he treated me brutally. I know I shall die, for there are two bullets in my body, and I am bleeding inwardly. I wrote to a lady in North Carolina, offering to keep house or do anything for her. I did this before I wrote to my brother, but I did not hear from her. I could not stand but one week of this life, receiving ill treatment from those who had worse blood in their veins than I. I hope this will be a warning to my little sister, who is younger than I am."

After making her statement the girl begged that she might be permitted to see her brother again, and her wish was granted. When the young man was brought from the jail, that same coolness which had characterized him up to this time was noticed. He came into the house and sat down in the hall, after which he coolly asked for a match, and, lighting a cigar, began to smoke. When he entered the room in which his sister lay, she showed great emotion, but his face was still calm. He took a chair near the foot of the bed,

"Oh, brother!" she said. "I feel for you more than what you do for me. I am bound to die. I feel it coming on me, and I would die happy if I knew you would forgive me, and that you would not be condemned."

"Mollie," he replied in measured tones, "I have done it; I knew what I was doing, and I am willing to take the consequences."

The wounded girl then said:

"Oh, brother, I love you so much; you have been a good brother to me—say you will forgive me."

He replied, saying, that she could never undo what she had done, and on this account would rather see her dead. After this remark he paused for a few minutes, and turning around to the men in the room said:

"Gentlemen, this is a hard thing, but such is life, I suppose." At this point the Rev. Mr. Paterson came in the room. Mollie DeJarnette's face lighted up when she saw him, and as the man of God sat down and took one of her hands in his, she said: "I am glad you are here." The minister asked her if she was willing to die, and she said: "I die contented, I am willing to go, for I believe it will be for the best." At this remark Tom DeJarnette's stern demeanor broke down, and he wept like a child. The painful scene was soon brought to a close, and as her brother started to leave the room she said: "Oh, brother, let me hold you in my arms for the last time! Let me tell you how much I love you! Let me know you forgive me!"

"I don't want to excite you, Mollie," was his only reply as he left the room.

Thomas DeJarnette, after he was taken to his prison cell, was asked why he committed this grave crime. He said the letter he received from his sister, twenty minutes before he left Brown Summit, brought him the first news of her fallen condition, and he at once made up his mind that her death would be preferable, and immediately left Danville. He came to the house of sin and asked for her. When she came to the door he went with her to her room, entered it, locked the door, threw away the key, drew his pistol and then began firing. He said further that he had loved his sister, and had paid for her education. The letter from her containing the sudden announcement of her shame tormented him, and he thought over the whole matter on the way to Danville, and determined to do exactly as he did, and to make an example of his sister. Young DeJarnette was twenty years of age, and was telegraph and depot agent at Brown Summit, N. C., on the Richmond and Danville Railroad. He was quite a good-looking young man, with black hair and eyes, and slightly above medium stature.

Mollie DeJarnette had been terribly wounded. It was plain that her determined brother had meant she should die. Upon an examination of her wounds it was found that there was one in the right side of the chest, the ball entering about one inch from the breast bone and making its way obliquely downward and outward, entering the cavity of the chest in such a way as to mostly wound the outer edge of the right lobe of the lung. Another leaden messenger struck the chest near the first in a glancing direction, and did not penetrate the cavity of the chest. A third ball entered between the shoulder and the neck, just above the collar bone, and ranging backward and downward, passed out above the shoulder blade. The fourth ball entered the back part of the left side of the chest, about three inches from the spine, and near the lower portion of the left lung, and entered the abdominal cavity. The fifth ball entered the small of the back, over the region of the left kidney, and entered directly the abdominal cavity, and most probably wounded the kidney; and still another passed through the back of the left hand, passing out near the upper thumb joint. With such an array of wounds it was not believed that the poor girl could recover; but on Saturday she was still alive, and on Sunday was so much better that some of the physicians had hopes of her recovery. She, however, insisted that she knew she would die.

On Sunday a persistent effort was made to get from her the name of her betrayer, but she positively declined to tell. Finally the names of several young men were mentioned to her, whereupon she promptly and indignantly said that she must, in justice to the gentlemen wrongfully accused, give the name of her betrayer. She then said that Edwin Luther Dechert of Harrisonburg, Va., was the man, and that he had accomplished her ruin while she was living as a domestic in his father's family.

Mollie DeJarnette lingered for a whole week, and on the Tuesday after the shooting her physicians had hopes of her recovery, but she insisted that she knew she must die. Her presentiments were true, for on Thursday she grew rapidly worse. Her mother, brother, and sister were sent for, and came at once to the death room. A party of seven or eight persons were gathered in the room just before her death. The apartment was filled with flowers and fruits sent by the sympathizing women of Danville to their erring sister. Thomas, her brother, and murderer, was the first to break the silence. The mother asked him how he felt, and he replied, "I feel miserable." Annie, the younger sister, threw herself into her brother's arms and said, "Oh, my poor brother! what will become of you? It will kill me. I can't stand it." The young man, at this, broke down completely. The wounded girl, who had been sleeping, awoke. Then came her last hours, which were inexpressibly touching. Seeing her friends weeping, she said:

"Oh, God, have mercy upon me! Be with me, Jesus, in the dark! Brother! mother! sister! Oh, God, lead them to a happy end! Guide them and take me home, now. Let this be a warning to them." Then, turning her face to the wall, she said slowly:

"Jesus, I give myself to Thee, 'tis all that I can do. Mother, I am dying. Raise me up."

"Mollie," asked the minister, "do you die in peace with everybody, and forgive all who have wronged you?"

"Oh, yes, sir," she replied, and continuing, said:

"For heaven's sake, save my brother!" Soon after she died.

Thomas DeJarnette was allowed, in custody of a policeman, to attend her funeral, and as the clouds fell upon the coffin he wept bitterly. During his prison life afterward he was calm and collected.

A few days after the funeral another lady appeared on the scene, Miss Jennie Murray of Brown Summit, the affianced of the prisoner. During his confinement she is untiring in her attentions to him, and her bright presence cheers the prisoner in his lonely cell.

PHYRNE'S SUBJECTS.

The Curse of Prostitution—The Gilding of Sin That Hides the Rottness of Death—The Courtesan's Fate.

A reporter of the Chicago Times has been investigating the extent of the social evil in that city, and the fate which those who practice its vices meet with. During a conversation with Mr. Donnelly, manager of the Cook County Hospital, the reporter remarked that the majority of the inmates, sent there suffering from diseases resulting from prostitution, were generally from the second-class bagnios; that "awful houses" do not call in the aid of charity but provide their ill or dying inmates with better and more comfortable accommodations?

"You are right," replied Mr. Donnelly. "The women of this class who come here are mainly penniless. They fight shy of the County Hospital until it becomes absolutely the last resort, and when they arrive it is with the usual expectation of dying."

"Are they cared for in any way by their associates outside?"

"Sometimes, but not often."

"And when they die, the county buries them?"

"No. That occurs very rarely. We always notify their friends, and they either come or send an undertaker to look after the remains."

"How old are most of these patients?"

"They run between the ages of fifteen and thirty. The average you can safely put at from twenty to twenty-five."

"What is the death rate among them?"

"At least 30 per cent. of those treated here die."

"And what is the mortality among your ordinary patients?"

"From 4 to 7 per cent. But let's run through the burial book, for the quarter just ended, and you can get the exact figures from that."

An examination of this record showed that during June, July and August, there had been a total of 85 deaths. Of these 17 or 20 per cent. were prostitutes. In other words, the cyprians, though only a small fraction of the patients treated, furnish one-fifth of the mortality. In this connection Mr. Donnelly unearthed two other facts to which attention had been previously drawn and which bore out his statements made from a general recollection of the details.

One was that of the 173 harlots treated during the year all but 6 were "flat broke," and that of those that died 75 per cent. had to be buried by friends.

"That is," he explained, "their bodies are taken care of away by some undertaker. Where they go to, of course I can't tell."

"Do many of them experience religion before their death?"

"No. We have both Catholic and Protestant missionaries in daily attendance here, but their ministrations are very little prized. The girls listen to them respectfully and that is all. They seem to think it the proper thing to 'die game,' as they call it."

In making up the table given above it was at once a sad and startling thing to note the diseases and complications of diseases with which these women were afflicted. Nearly all combined contagion with more or less of female ailments, and many, in addition to these, bore opposite their names the legend, "Used up by drink."

The histories of some were also things to warn and to wonder at. There, for instance, was poor Josie McQueen, who was formerly regnant on "the levee," but who sank lower and lower, until she finally became a "boarder" with the notorious Ruby Bell. Once in the clutches of this female fiend the future became hopeless for the unfortunate woman, and her existence dropped to that of a slave whose life is filled in with the task of making money for a cruel mistress. Vicious habits and general debility brought on cancer of the breast, and on May 7, Josie was admitted to the hospital. For a while Ruby Bell paid her expenses, but when she learned that the girl could not recover, she declined to "put up for a dead—," and the ex-boarder was abandoned to her fate. She died on July 3, and was buried not by her "well-heeled landlady," but by a woman known as Hattie Hetherington who, it is said, pawned her dresses and jewelry to meet the expense.

There, again, was Nellie Rugh, of South Clark street, who came to the hospital suffering from phthisis consumption. Half-a-dozen years ago she was the beloved and cherished wife of a prominent Water street merchant. In an evil hour she yielded to the wiles of a "mascher." Exposure, scandal, and divorce followed, and the woman fled to a bagnio. Her downward career was one of fearful velocity, and she came to the hospital an utter wreck. Her relatives were informed of her condition and whereabouts, and saw that she had careful nursing. Three weeks ago she died. Her husband was told of the event. He simply sat down and wrote out a liberal check. "Here," he said, "is some money; go get her buried." And thus, in darkness and shame, ended a life that had entered on its fruition amid orange blossoms, and honor and love.

A third case is different still. One day in July there called a petite woman, scarcely more than a child, and who gave her age as sixteen. She had

great, innocent, trusting, blue eyes, a complexion as fresh as the dew on the roses, and such beautiful hair as Robert Browning had in mind when he sang:

Yet earth saw one thing, one how fair!
One grace that grew to its full on earth;
Smiles might be sparse on her cheek so spare,
And her waist want half a girdle's girth.
But she had her great gold hair.
Hair, such a wonder of flax and floss,
Freshness and fragrance—floods of it, too;
Gold, did I say? Nay, gold's mere dross.

She was properly certified by the authorities and answered the queries put to her modestly and intelligently. But when she thought the examination stretching out too long and the physician had diagnosed her as suffering from syphilitic sore throat and several other things, she burst out:

"Oh, h—ll! Put me down as a sport from Union street, and let me get to bed. I'm tired."

They put her to bed and she staid there till she died. The poor thing wasted away and doffed her wickedness with her health, and when she lay a corpse she took on the semblance of a sleeping peri, and her wondrous hair

* * * curled round her brow like a crown,
And coiled beside her cheeks like a cap,
And calmed about her neck—aye, down
To her breast, pressed flat; without a gap
I the gold, it reached her gown.

A fourth, and yet different case, still exists. This breathing pestilence is known as Mary Jane Burr. She has lived with the blackest and most reeking of Senegambians. She has been on the police calendar and Bridewell books for twenty years. She has lost all feminine instincts and all pretense of decency, together with most of her senses, and now decrepit, middle-aged and friendless, shies on her cot waiting release from an ill spent life.

It was hinted at the beginning of this article that few of the cyprians who die at the county hospital receive sepulture. True, their remains are carted off by some undertaker who is paid to bury them, but the charge is openly made in several quarters that nine-tenths of the subsequent funerals are fictitious, and that the bodies, now descended to the category of "stiffs," are sold to the medical colleges about town.

The facts given above show only a little of the misery, sickness and death consequent upon the existence of the social evil in Chicago. There are numerous private institutions about town, some under the direction of religious or charitable people and some not, which receive the wealthier class of scarlet women and bury them in reality when dead. Several of these hospitals were visited in the course of this investigation, but the managers invariably stated that they were not at liberty to furnish details. Enough was gleaned, however, in a general way to make it apparent that between two hundred and two hundred and fifty cyprians and their careers annually to make way for the hundreds crowding eagerly on to fill their places.

COVET NOT THY NEIGHBOR'S WIFE.

A Wealthy Englishman in the Meshes of the Law Because he Won Another Man's Wife.

The way of the transgressor is indeed hard, and the trouble that now surrounds a wealthy Englishman proves that the assertion is just as true to-day as it was hundreds of years ago when first written. It appears that some five or six years since, William L. Sager, an estates Englishman, while visiting in Montreal became enamored of a Mrs. Bradford, and by the arts and wiles that are known to rouse, won her affection and alienated her from her husband. The guilty pair went to England, where they lived together as man and wife, and where a child, a girl, was born to the unholy union. After a time they returned to Canada and settled in Toronto, where they lived in comparative happiness until Sager discovered that the woman was unfaithful to him. The passion he had for Mrs. Bradford cooled until it congealed, and he made every effort to get rid of her, but for a long time without success. In the meantime his female cook, a voluptuous damsel, dazzled him, and he paid her court with such openness that it attracted the attention of Mrs. Bradford, who, returning from a shopping tour, found matters in such a condition that she flew into a terrible rage, which did not subside until after she had whipped the guilty couple.

For the purpose of conciliating Mrs. Bradford, Sager settled upon her an annuity of \$300, and gave her the use of a furnished house, on condition that she did not interfere with him. Mrs. Bradford agreed to give him the little girl, and promised to be true to her husband. The latter received \$6,000 as a balm to his wounded honor, and everything being amicably settled, Sager took the cook to New York and had her supplied with the handsomest set of false teeth the most fashionable dentist in the metropolis could mold, and afterward he returned with her to Toronto and married her.

Soon after his return he made a demand of Mrs. Bradford for the child, and meeting with a refusal he took it and with his wife left for Suspension Bridge, where he took up quarters at the Western Hotel, and remained there until arrested on a warrant for kidnapping. Before the warrant was issued a writ of habeas corpus for the production of the child had been granted by Judge Daniels, and it began to look as though Sager would be in jail and his child in Canada unless his friends moved in the matter. Finally another writ of habeas corpus was issued commanding both father and child to appear before Justice Haight. After a brief hearing the case was remanded to Niagara county, where proceedings were first commenced, and where the battle will be fought out. It is a crime that has been committed by Sager, Canada is the scene of it, and the question of extradition will doubtless arise. It is said that Bradford has commenced an action against Sager in Canada for seducing his wife, and for that reason Sager does not care to cross the Niagara River into the Dominion.

SATAN'S DRAMA.

An Old Bachelor Found Dead
Under Mysterious Circumstances.

A DRUNKEN DRIVER'S ACT.

Two Traveling Salesmen Drop Business to Settle Domestic Matters.

YOUNG KALLOCH IN JEOPARDY.

A Beautiful Widow Wants Damages for Blighted Affections.

RIOTERS QUELLED WITH BULLETS.

A Procuress Checked in a Vile Scheme of Debauchery.

THE REV. MORGAN'S GAME.

A Discovery That Will Give an Innocent Man His Liberty.

NICK SMITH'S MEDICINE.

HAS CEASED TO TROUBLE.

A committee of prominent citizens of Pueblo, Col., waited on Nick Smith, a raver, at his residence, and after a brief parley took him out and hanged him to a tree.

CLOUDING THE HONEYMOON.

W. R. Gilchrist, of Lincoln, Ill., recently led a beautiful young lady to the altar. Mrs. Sarah E. Parker, a widow, will now lead him to the circuit court, where she has lodged a complaint against him for breach of promise.

THE KALLOCH MURDER CASE.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., September 13.—I. M. Kalloch, charged with killing Charles DeYoung, to-day before the superior court, pleaded "once in jeopardy." The plea was entered on the ground that an information charging defendant with murder, was set aside in May last.

GONE HOME.

At Sadlersville, Tenn., the body of L. S. Laprade, an aged bachelor, living alone on his farm, was found in a sink hole half a mile from his house. There was a bullet-hole through his head, and his throat was cut. He had been missing for several days. Two negroes are suspected of the murder.

FOOLING WITH THE WRONG MEN.

Six or seven young roughs undertook to intimidate three night watchmen at Rockford, Ill. Arming themselves with stones, the assailants made things so interesting for the policemen that the latter drew their revolvers and fired. Two balls struck one of the rioters, named Edward Ryan, inflicting fatal wounds.

A LUCKY DISCOVERY.

Fourteen years ago James Millis disappeared from Somerset, Ky., and was not again seen by any of his relatives or acquaintances in the place until last week, when J. M. Nimley found him near Ford's Ferry, in the same state. Nimley has an interest in producing Millis alive and well at Somerset, as a brother of his is in jail there, under sentence of death for killing the missing man.

A DRUNKEN DRIVER'S CRIME.

William Duffy, driving for a bottling establishment in Wilmington, Del., while drunk drove his team into a group of children in the street, pushing several of the children beneath the wheels and passing over the body of Isaiah M. West, a man eighty years old. West's breast bone was crushed in, several of his ribs were broken and his fractured bones were driven into the lungs. He cannot live. Of the children two were seriously and others slightly injured.

TROUBLE ON THE ROAD.

Two traveling agents—Fred D. Hill, of New York, and Eugene L. Messenger, of Buffalo, N. Y.—created considerable excitement at the Biddle House, in Bradford, Pa., on the 9th inst. Hill struck Messenger, who then drew a revolver, but was prevented from firing by a sheriff. Both were arrested, and furnished \$300 bail. Hill claims that too much intimacy exists between his wife and Messenger, with whose family she is visiting while trying to get a divorce.

SERIOUS CHARGE AGAINST A WOMAN.

EASTON, Pa., September 13.—Mary Goldman, of Philadelphia, was arrested at the Lehigh Valley depot here charged with kidnapping young girls, to put them in houses of prostitution. The charge was made by the father of a young girl named Annie Keiper, who was in Mary Goldman's company at the depot. Two Easton women of bad reputation were with them when the arrest was made, just as the woman had bought tickets for the party for Philadelphia. The Goldman woman was held for a hearing.

A SOCIETY SENSATION.

Rockford, Ill., has a sensation of some magnitude. Will Lane, son of a bank president, and Miss Maud Beeman, a charming daughter of a traveling man, recently went to Beloit and were married. On their return their parents suggested that the ceremony be performed again in the Episcopal church. This was assented to, and arrangements were made accordingly. The next day the husband found himself denied admittance to his wife's residence, her parents having determined to let the affair proceed no further until certain negotiations with Lane's father had been terminated. The elder Mr. Lane positively refuses to settle any money on his son's wife, and the Beemans with equal stubbornness decline to let their daughter go out of their sight. Society is wagging its tongue vigorously, and the young people pine for a treaty of peace.

ALL TORN UP.

Jonesboro, Ga., is intensely excited over the trial of some of the leading young men of Clayton county, accused of the murder of Millie Johnson, colored, and an attempt to murder her father and brother, because the father prosecuted one of them for an assault and battery. Eight white men were arrested on the charge of complicity in the horrible affair, which occurred six weeks ago. The trial of one of them, Samuel Cook, has concluded, and argument is now being made in the case. Cook confessed all on the morning after he was captured, but subsequently denied the confession, and said he was frightened into the denial. Judge Hillyer ruled the confession good evidence, which seems to assure the conviction of all the eight prisoners. The negroes and the best white residents demand that nothing but the strictest justice shall be done.

ADULTEROUS CLERGYMAN.

GALESBURG, Ill., Sept. 12.—The Rev. Floyd Morgan, alias Templeton, who, two or three years ago, was summarily bounced from the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of this city, on account of being a trifle too liberal in dividing up his affections among the fair maidens with unappropriated hearts, members of his church and congregation, and for the undue admiration of other men's wives, of high and low degree, not exactly included under his pastoral care, after varied and similar experiences in several other congregations east, has at last turned up at Logansport, Pa., from which place it has been telegraphed that he was arrested on the 5th inst., charged with criminal intimacy with another man's wife. After a hearing before a police magistrate he lies in jail awaiting further proceedings. At the time of his disgrace in this city the church dismissed him on account of his full confession, more in sorrow than in anger. He sued for the remainder of salary due him, but the suit was finally withdrawn. He was a man of far more than ordinary talent and pleasing address.

CLARA'S SIN.

LOGANSPORT, Ind., Sep. 13.—On Tuesday last Constable A. R. Bell and wife made a shocking discovery that their eighteen-year-old daughter Clara was enceinte, and would soon become a mother. Upon pressing her to tell them the author of her downfall she stated that he was one George Galloway, an unmarried brakeman on the Pan-Handle Road, and that he had held intercourse with her last January, after she had eaten of candy given to her by him. She further says that he nor any one else has had ought to do with her criminally since that time, and she believes the candy contained some sort of drugs in it. The parents had Galloway arrested and taken before Squire Fender, who bound him over to the Circuit Court in the sum of \$1,000. Galloway asked that he be allowed to go under charge of an officer to secure bondmen. This request was granted, and the two started off together. It was then dark, and Galloway by some means or other succeeded in getting away from the officer, and escaping. Diligent search has been made, but the oily-tongued seducer has thus far eluded escape. The father of the ruined girl has resolved to catch the fellow, and will do so if such a thing is possible. In justice to Galloway, whose folks reside here, it might be stated that he denies ever having had sexual intercourse with the girl.

BEATEN TO DEATH.

A terrible and mysterious murder was committed in the town of Fort Ann, Washington county, N. Y., on the 10th inst. The victim was Miss Cynthia Sargent, and the crime was perpetrated in her own house. The murder was probably committed at an early hour, as the windows were open and there was no light discernible at her residence in the evening. This fact was noticed by passers-by, but it was not considered of sufficient importance to warrant an investigation. No knowledge of the terrible deed was obtained until about 8 o'clock the next morning, when a neighbor visited the house, and, upon opening the door, was confronted by the ghastly spectacle of the dead woman lying on the blood-stained bed, while a broken chair, with which the murder was probably committed, lay across her head. There was blood upon the counterpane and broken chair, and in front of the bed was a dark pool formed by the life current as it dropped to the floor. The unfortunate woman's head was literally crushed in, and her brains had oozed out of her fractured skull. As the deceased was 70 years old she could not make much resistance, and there was no evidence of a struggle. The curtains were drawn down at the windows of the apartment, and the general appearance of the room indicated that she was about to light her lamps, as was her custom in the evening. When the murderer entered she was

grasped and forced back upon the bed before an outcry could be made, and once in that position the work of beating her to death was quickly performed. This is inferred from the fact that her residence is situated almost in the centre of the village, and on the main thoroughfare. The neighbors on either hand were only a few feet removed from the dwelling and had she been able to scream for help she must have inevitably been heard. No cause is assigned for the crime, nor does suspicion point toward any particular person as the criminal. It is also impossible to find a motive for the perpetration, as there is nothing to show that either rape or robbery was committed. Mrs. Sargent was last seen about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when she was sitting by the open window in the front room of the house. It is said that she was eccentric, and insisted upon living alone.

THAT DEVILISH DUCHESS.

Memoirs That Will Cause Some Faces to Tingle With Shame—How They Act When Abroad.

The Paris correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer furnishes that journal with a few notes regarding a famous adventuress in that city, who made the acquaintance of several Americans, greatly to the detriment of their pocket-book. She has operated as "The Duchess of Hamilton," and carried matters with a high hand.

"This 'Duchess' says the correspondent, in her dungeon, where she is to pine and pick oakum for five years as a common thief and confidence woman, proposes to write her memoirs and reveal some monstrous facts anent American silly girls seeking matrimonial alliances in Paris, or seeking European titled snobs anywhere. She proposes giving her experience as a confidence woman both in aid of these silly seekers and the sinister male ones. A case in point is given by her, and she says, though she herself is caught and caged, there are several worse imposters free and at large in Paris and London, and their names, addresses, aids and adjuncts she will expose. As a confidence woman she has made large commissions.

"Her largest 'pull' was out of a frivolous young Pennsylvania belle, whom she moulded and shaped for a putative heir to an English peerage. This belle had about \$1,250,000 coming to her in her own right. She was the daughter of a departed gentleman who won a good name and fortune. She is the granddaughter of a highly respectable gentleman, now one of the directors of a Pennsylvania banking-house. Her step-father is a tall, thin, slim, half Irish-Pennsylvania counselor and colonel, who has figured in London, Paris, and elsewhere trying to negotiate West Virginia land projects, and yet unable to discover the project of the bogus devilish Duchess, and more bogus and devilish putative Peer. Yet the Peer and Peeress are now in Pennsylvania talking until they spill over with all the Spiller's persuasiveness of scandalous sham aristocracy now living on democratic dollars. The Duchess will reveal more, and I will ventilate it."

NO BARRIERS

That Love Cannot Break Down—An Elopement and Marriage in Castle Garden.

Johann Hasel and Barbara Bopp were two hard-working Bavarian peasants. They lived in the village of Weidner with their parents. Johann was a sturdy farm laborer, and Barbara, who was a buxom girl, was also obliged to work in the fields, for both were poor and obliged to labor hard for their bread. About a year ago the couple discovered that they had grown to love each other, and Johann asked the maiden to be his wife. But just then the stern parents of Johann and the sterner laws of the Bavarian government interposed. Johann's parents were for some reason opposed to his marrying Barbara, and insisted on his breaking off the match. When he refused the law was appealed to. Both the lovers were of legal age, Johann being twenty-seven and Barbara twenty, but it appears that there exists under the Bavarian laws a property qualification regarding marriage, and no man is allowed to take a wife unless he possesses evident ability to support her. The value of the property necessary is small; but, as Johann had scarcely anything but his hands and their earnings from day to day, the lovers were at first in despair. But they waited patiently in the hope of being able to accumulate the money required for nearly a year. Finally a bright thought occurred to Johann—he would fly to the hospitable shores of America with his betrothed. He had money enough to pay for two passage tickets in the steerage, and leave something over. The plan was carried out at once. Johann and Barbara quietly packed up their effects, journeyed by rail to Hamburg, embarked on the steamer Cimbria and steamed away for New York. On Friday evening the steerage passengers from the Cimbria landed at Castle Garden. Among them were the two eloping lovers. They were anxious to have the golden knot tied without delay, but it was not until Tuesday that matters could be arranged. The ceremony was performed at the office of the Commissioners of Emigration.

Travella.

(With Portrait.)

Travella, the murderer of a traveling salesman, in a house of ill-fame, in Denver, Col., has been captured. He confesses his crime, and offers nothing in extenuation. He has been a hard character, and will probably wind up on the end of a rope.

A horse ridden by Morgan Miers, who lives near Milford, Ind., stumbled and fell upon him, very severely crushing him about the body and limbs. He will recover.

A WORD TO MARRIED MEN.

Before and After Marriage, and Some of the Results—A Lesson which Benedicts Would do well to Heed.

Not long since a divorce was obtained in high life. There was no scandal, simply lawyers who were called in and a settlement made, the case quietly presented to the judge, and all was calm and serene. Beneath all this lies a lesson that all married men should know.

A young girl is taken from a home of plenty; pocket money was always supplied; no questions were asked as to what she did with it. If some one asked charity she could give, and if a friend asked a favor she could grant it.

She married a rich man. How soon things changed. Obligated to ask for even a penny, and to give a strict account of every cent, how spent and why. Compelled to deceive for the sake of getting so small a sum as one dollar. Being very attractive, when one came along who gave with a liberal hand and smoothed out all the little pitiful embarrassments, do you wonder so very much that a false step was taken? Who is to blame? The man who makes a beggar out of his wife. He expects her to keep his house in order, to comply with his wishes and desires, to honor him above all others for simply her board and clothes. Would any man do such a thing? Obligated to beg and plead for her street car fare! Think how humiliating this must have been to a proud nature, especially one used to independent means. To-day there are many a woman living in this manner. Think of it, gentlemen, and ask yourself, is this right? Don't you at the altar with all your worldly goods this woman endow? There is nothing in the ceremony about slavery or binding this woman with chains. All of you try giving your wives a sum of money, such as you can spare, for pocket money, and what a difference you will soon see. Don't you remember when you were boys, obliged to ask father for every cent, how bad you felt about it? How often you begged mother poor, long-suffering, patient mother—to ask for you? Why, you would rather some boy would have given you a good beating than to have faced father and asked for money to go to the circus.

Don't you remember the many loads of coal and wood you carried before you would give up to ask for spending money, and now that you have sons and daughters, do you ever think they had the same feeling in this matter that you once had? Remember your daughters can't carry up wood and coal outside of home. And your wife—don't you suppose she would like to take some lady friend or her children out to take a dish of ice cream occasionally?

You can take your friend out and give with a liberal hand, and then he calls you a good, generous fellow. Don't your wife know this is false? Look at this in its right light, gentlemen, and then ask yourself this question:—"Is it any wonder my wife should cease to respect and love me when I make a slave and a beggar out of her? Is it any wonder my daughters go astray when I never allow them a cent of pocket money?" Of course you provide them with a fine home, and before the world and in society your family makes a good appearance, but this does not make all of life, and a woman's life and happiness are dependent on so many little things.

CONVICT LIFE IN AUBURN.

The Tricks and Pastimes of Prisoners—Making Whisky in Jail.

Gambling, says the Syracuse Courier, is carried on in Auburn Prison to a great degree. The convicts do not use cards, as one would suppose—those are too liable to detection. They bet on events, changes in the weather, the time of day, and everything of that character. They also "odd and even," "flip," "match," "roll," "throw for the crack," and the like.

Convicts are not supposed to carry money, but they do, just the same, and sometimes considerable. They sew their money up in their clothing, and it is seldom that it is discovered. Occasionally a man will be found with \$10 or \$20 in coins in his coat collar or other parts of his clothing. There are pawn-brokers and money-lenders. These criminal Shylocks are more exacting than the "uncles" of the street. If a keeper or guard can be "bought," the convicts will pay him a good salary right along to perform services for them, such as bringing in papers, tobacco and edibles and taking out letters. Some convicts keep up a regular correspondence with friends outside.

The New York morning papers reach Auburn at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and the same day the convicts may be found reading the news of the day "on the sly," in their cells. How the prisoners secure the newspapers is a mystery to many. The foreman of the shops, or, perhaps, the officers, bring them in. The convicts will give a great deal for New York papers, and they will have them at any price. The prisoners keep well posted on the events of the day, and discuss with intelligence any subject that is being treated in the papers. The men are bartering constantly, and some become possessed of considerable "property," which, however, they must at all times keep concealed.

Not so very long ago an enterprising convict established a distillery in the prison and engaged in the manufacture of liquor. He excavated beneath a stone in the floor of the kitchen, where he was employed, and set a small tube in the hole. With hops used in making yeast and corn and barley used in making bread and soup, he produced a potation that would intoxicate. Drunkenness became quite prevalent, and finally the distillery was discovered and the "moon-shiner" was put in the prison jail on bread and water. While he ran the distillery he did well and would, in a short time, have been comparatively wealthy. "Beer," as it is called, is made in this day from bread crusts, but the makers have to exercise caution. One man has raised a quantity of tomatoes on the window sill of his shop and sold the crop for a large sum.

BETRAYED.

A Society Bella, Ruined by Her Lover, in a Leadville Bagnio.

A young gentleman from Lafayette, Ind., who arrived in Leadville but a short time ago, one evening last week, in making the tour of the city, was not a little surprised to meet in a certain house of ill-fame a girl who so forcibly reminded him of an acquaintance in the East, that he called her aside and imparted the force of his impression to her. The girl started, turned scarlet, and with a glad smile upon her face, suddenly exclaimed:

"Why, Edward, do you not know me? I am that girl."

She proved, indeed, to be the young lady he had known, but oh, under what altered circumstances.

She is the daughter of the president of the leading bank in Lafayette. Her home was one of comfort, ease, luxury. Beautiful, accomplished and animated, in the literal sense of the term, she reigned a petted belle in the circle of her admirers. A brilliant future seemed before her.

Her ruin was accomplished under the most deplorable circumstances by a young and dashing society shark of Lafayette. After a prolonged courtship she gave her consent to their marriage, and they were formally engaged. The news became rapidly known among the circle of their friends, and the happiest future was predicted for the young couple.

Urgent business affairs called him to St. Louis; after a while he was surprised to have formed a lucrative affiliation there. Endearing letters passed between them during his absence, and he at last prevailed upon her to go to St. Louis for the purpose of being joined to him in the holy ties of matrimony. Her parents possessing unfaltering trust in their daughter's intended, made no remonstrances; and the daily papers duly chronicled the fact of the young lady's departure for St. Louis to be married.



DISGUISED NATURE—SOCIETY'S MALE DARLINGS "MAKING UP" THEIR FACES FOR THE PURPOSE OF "LOOKING PRETTY" TO THEIR ADDLED FEMALE COUNTERPARTS; SARATOGA, N. Y.

DISGUISED NATURE.

Aping the Follies of the Feminine—Male Fools at Their Toilet.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Fashionable: And now we are told some of the fashionable young men at Saratoga, and other watering places not only powder their faces, but that they actually paint. That they wear corsets has long been admitted. How far this aping of femininity is to extend it is hard to say; but we hope the young men will stop it before they actually become mothers.

PISTOL SETTLEMENT.

The Results of Crim Con—A Meeting, Accusation and a Death.

A terrible shooting affray occurred at the railroad depot in Salt Lake last week, resulting in the instant death of Dr. C. B. Snedaker, one of the principals, and the fatal wounding of R. T. Smith, the other. About a week ago Smith and Snedaker met, when the former charged the latter with seducing Miss Davidson, sister of the young lady Smith was soon to marry, the father of the girl also being present.

It is said Miss Davidson had told her father of the seduction. Smith hit Snedaker in the face, and threatened that if he did not leave the territory he would kill him. Snedaker was unarmed at the time, but at once armed himself, and the two afterward met in a car, when the doctor shot Smith through the body. Smith fell, and it was thought was dying, but when a policeman was leading Snedaker out of the car, Smith rose to his feet and fired two bullets into the doctor, causing immediate death. Smith is in the hospital in a dying condition. Both were well known and highly respected.

Snedaker's home is in Lexington, Ky., where for years he was proprietor of a medical institute. He



"THE OLD NICK OWES ME A DEBT AND IS PAYIN' ME OFF IN SON-IN-LAWS. CONSARN MY SKIN IF I DON'T EUCHRE HIM AT THAT GAME!"—A DOMESTIC DRAMA, WITH NINE GIRLS, AN OLD MAN AND A BULL-DOG IN THE CAST; YATES, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 2.

Under a plausible pretext a postponement of the ceremony was obtained by her lover, and inveigled by honeyed words of passionate love under promises he never intended to fulfil, he accomplished her ruin and then deserted her.

Disgraced in her own heart, to proud to return to Lafayette, only to become the subject of ridicule and slander, without money and without friends, what could she do? She took the step which in their de-

spair thousands of her sex annually resort to. She entered a house of prostitution and sold her charms for money. After a brief career in the City of Mounds, she departed for the new pastures of Colorado, and eventually came to Leadville.

was in Salt Lake City chiefly for his health. His family, wife, daughter and two sons, have been visiting him for a year, but left for home a few days previous to the tragedy. Smith was a "Forty-niner" mine owner and operator, and resided for some time in British Columbia, where he was a member of the Legislature. His relatives are all in Scotland, his native land. The coroner's jury found a verdict that Smith was justified, the shooting being in self-defense.



MISS EMMA J. J.



MISS BELLE COOK.



MISS MINNIE PINNEO.

THE CHAMPION FEMALE EQUESTRIENNES OF THE UNITED STATES.

A GREAT EQUESTRIENNE RACE.

Running Against Time—A Perilous Ride—How Miss Emma Jewett Lost a Possible Stake.

[With Illustration and Portraits.]

Thirty thousand people assembled at the Minneapolis Fair last week to witness the great equestrienne race between Miss Emma Jewett, of Minnesota, and Belle Cook, of California. The race was for twenty miles. The plan of the race was for each of the ladies to hang her horse at pleasure, which was done generally after running each mile. Both of the ladies were petite in form, Miss Jewett weighing twenty pounds more than her opponent. She was distinguished by the elaborate decorations of her habit in gold, and Miss Cook by a blue veil, which streamed from her hand. It was almost impossible for two men at their bits to hold the wild racers. At the signal to go the horses plunged off with their fearless lady riders, and then occurred one of the most intensely exciting races that was ever witnessed. The crowd was tumultuous at first and afterward grew crazy with excitement. Miss Jewett, of Minnesota, was, of course, the favorite of a great majority, but Miss Cook's easy self-possession and pluck won her many friends. Miss Cook's veil was soon seen fluttering in the lead, but half way around the glittering gold of Miss Jewett's habit came abreast, and she passed under the wire ahead, while Miss Cook reined her horse close to one in waiting, and with hardly any help sprang from the back of one horse to the back of another and dashed in pursuit. Encouraging her steed, already wild with the excitement of shouts that rose above the noise of the crowd, the girl seemed lost to all danger in the maddening excitement of the race. At the end of each mile they changed horses, and had to do it without loss of time. The speed of the running horse seemed hardly checked when the men threw themselves recklessly in front of the animal, and seizing their bits threw them on their haunches. Once Miss Cook's horse was thrown violently to the ground and fell upon her. Cries of alarm went up from the crowd, but the girl sprang to her feet and to another horse in waiting, losing only thirty seconds. Miss Jewett was very unfortunate in changing horses, losing much time. In trying to mount an unmanageable beast she was kicked in the side, but if it hurt no one knew it. She was soon on his back.

On the seventh mile round Miss Jewett was unhorsed. When intelligence was shouted from the reporter's stand that she had fallen, for a moment fear held the crowd silent, but craze for the race returned and they shouted madly, "Send her another horse," and one of her backers dashed down the track with a fresh animal. This she did not mount, and the crowd noted with horror the riderless horse from which she fell tearing around with saddle turned.

Miss Cook rode once more around the track and was awarded the purse of \$2,800, having made the eight miles in less than twenty minutes. Interest in the race then gave way to the desire to know the extent of Miss Jewett's injuries. She was brought to the judges' stand and surgeons surrounded her. She was pale as death, begrimed with dust and dirt, and only kept from fainting by brandy being administered. Her leg was severely sprained, but not broken.

It was declared from the stand that Miss Pinneo, of Colorado, would ride a twenty mile race with Miss Cook for \$5,000. The interest in this event seems to occupy the public mind, but many look with dread upon a repetition of the maddening and dangerous sport as it was seen in the last race.



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

M'LE KASHINE, SOUBRETTE, FOLIES BERGERES, PARIS.

Miss Belle Cook is now the champion equestrienne of America. She is 19 years of age, and was born in England. She came to this country in 1862. She has figured in numerous races on the Pacific slope. Miss Cook is a very modest and unassuming lady, rather below the medium size, of light complexion, and weighs about 125 pounds. She is looked upon as a

fine horsewoman and rider. At San Francisco she rode 25 miles in 1 hour 1 minute. She also won a race at Oakland, riding half a mile over four hurdles in 1 minute. For a wager she attempted to ride bareback half a mile in 60 seconds over four hurdles, and won. Miss Emma Jewett was born in Litchfield, Minn., and is 19 years old. She weighs about 140 pounds,

and is of medium size; has no public record, but has ridden horses since she was 10 years old. She is a young lady of more than ordinary appearance, fine-looking, full of life and vigor, and the wealthiest men of St. Paul and Minneapolis are her backers.

Miss Minnie Pinneo is a pretty, pleasing, dashing young lady 19 years of age, weighs about 140 pounds, and was born in New Hampshire. She is a daring equestrienne, and has won numerous races on horseback.

NINE DEAD CATS AS WITNESSES.

The Result of a Serious Riot in the Chinese Quarters.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Quong Chong, Oh Wing and several other pigtails were in the Essex Market Court to testify for Quong Chong, who was accused of a felonious assault on Charles Freeman. Mr. Wing and Mr. Sam Lee deposited two large sacks on the Judge's desk when the case was called. Every nose was promptly covered by a pocket handkerchief, and it seemed as if a Limburger cheese factory had broken loose. "Are these the Chinese stink-pots which we have read about in history?" asked Judge Morgan, when he had recovered his breath with the use of a smelling salts bottle.

The celestials shook their pigtails in the negative, and the spectators appeared relieved.

"What's in this bag?" asked the Judge, pointing to the larger one.

"Cats," responded Mr. Wing, with an innocent look.

"And what might be in this one, 'rats'?" asked the Judge.

"No," promptly answered Chong, "clobby stiones and lubblish."

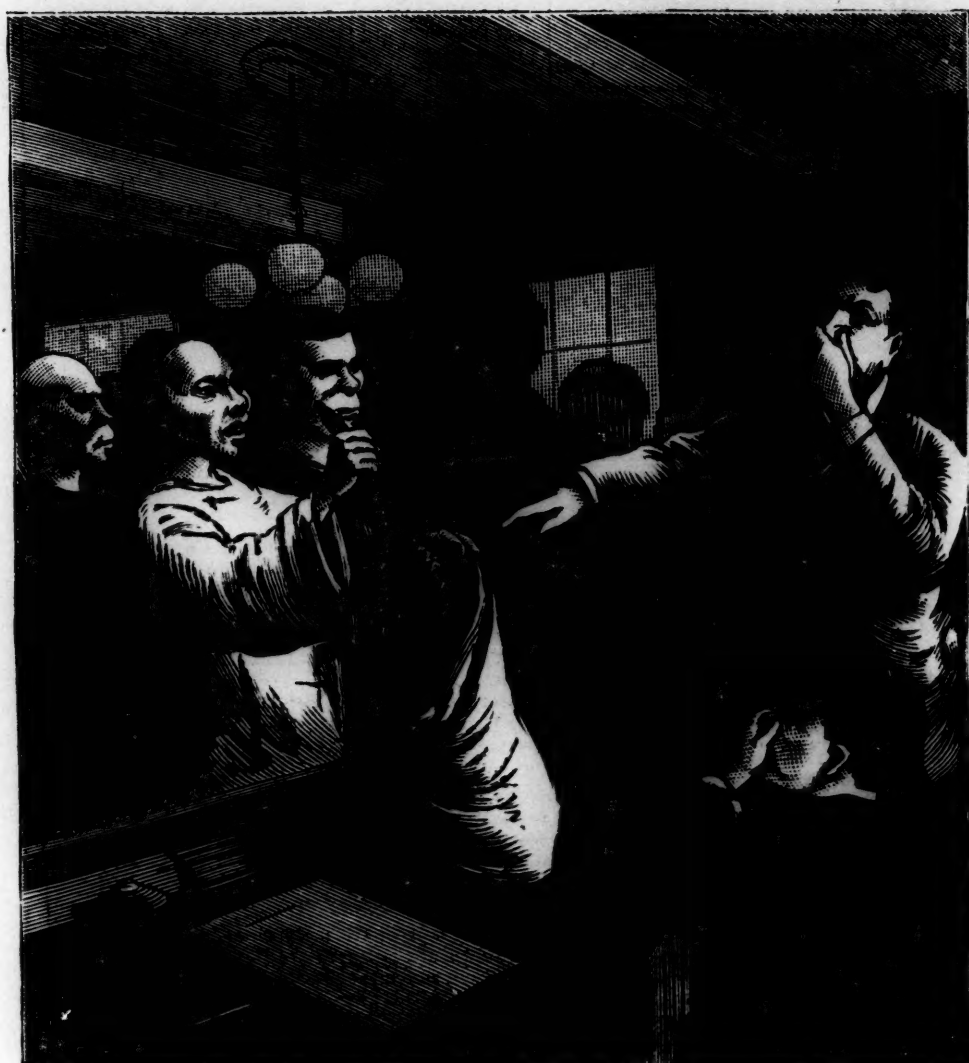
It was explained to the Judge that the dead Tom cats—and they were very dead—and the stones and rubbish were evidence for Quong Chong, and were intended to show that the crowd attacked the Chinamen and bombarded the laundry at 138 Pitt street before the Celestials retaliated on the crowd. Mr. Wing said that there were only four sound panes of glass left in his laundry, and that all his glossy shirts and collars were covered with filth and dirt, and he picked up nine dead cats on the floor. Just as the Judge was about to order the loud smelling bags out of court the case was adjourned owing to the absence of other material witnesses.

A QUEER HIDING PLACE.

The Grounds Upon Which an Indignant Husband Sues for a Divorce.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A divorce case will soon come before the courts which will excite considerable interest in certain circles. A gentleman had a wife who was altogether too fond of a "drop of the orchard" to make domesticity as pleasant as it ought to be. He avers that on several occasions he found his wife in a sad state of drunkenness, and that she was in the habit of going into bar-rooms and acting altogether too familiar with their frequenters. On one occasion he saw her enter a saloon, and determined to follow her and reprimand her. He was positive that it was his wife, but when he entered she was not to be seen. Calling for a drink, he happened to glance over the bar, and the flowers on her hat betrayed her whereabouts. Therefore, he sues for divorce on supposition that she has been guilty of more than drunkenness. Such familiarity with the proprietor of the saloon, he thinks, is suspicious at least.



INTRODUCING DEAD CATS IN EVIDENCE—GOTHAM'S MONGOLIANS BRING A BAG OF ODIFEROUS WITNESSES IN COURT.—MARKED "EXHIBIT STINKADORA."



A WHISKEY SOUR THAT SOURED THE DOMESTIC PEACE OF A TIPPLER—THE STRANGE PLACE IN WHICH A GENTLEMAN FOUND HIS WIFE—NEW YORK CITY.

"THE" ALLEN.

The Love Letter That Lured Him to Destruction.

SEASONING AN ENEMY.

How the Sandboys Got Even With Old Peck—A Desperate Court-room Combat.

PIERCE FIGHTS OF FURIOUS FACTIONS.

(Continued.)

The death of Smith Ackerman brought out in full heat all the bad blood that had long been brewing between the two great factions in New York.

The Bowery Boys, and the Short Boys, who supported Morrissey, may almost be said to have held possession of the city below Spring street, and it had long been dangerous for any of Poole's backers to show themselves below that boundary.

Poole himself left the Morrisseyites severely alone, and though he had to drive from his slaughter-house in Jane street, to his stall in Washington Market, every day, they did not attempt to molest him.

The Short Boys, as they called themselves, were an organized gang that held forth around Spring Street Market, their leader being Dan Linn, a noted sport and leader in the Democracy.

It was three days after the death of Smith Ackerman that the famous fight between Allen and Paugene occurred.

Allen, in company with his friend, "Big" Jim Campbell, was at the Senate, in Church street. Campbell was a Short Boy, but he was too much of a man to let that interfere with his friendship, and he and Allen often traveled together.

While they were depositing one of their favorite beverages where it would do the most good for all concerned, Paugene came in, in company with the brother of Frank O'Donnell, the prize fighter Harry O'Donnell.

A discussion arose with regard to the up-town and down-town champions, and ended in a challenge to Paugene from Allen for them to adjourn to the New York Hospital grounds and settle it without further delay.

At that time the gates opening on the hospital park were locked with a padlock and nearly everybody had a key, so it was a common practice among the boys to unmuzzle the unrelenting padlock and fight out their little differences among the shrubbery which had witnessed many a desperate contest.

On Allen's invitation, the party set out. But Paugene was in the condition which the Irishman typifies as "spilling for a fight." He was in no humor to wait for it.

So, as soon as they got into the street, he hauled off and delivered a smashing blow on Allen's jaw. The latter clinched with him at once.

They fought about the street for a few minutes, when Allen got a "cross buttock" on his opponent and threw him limply in the gutter, falling on top of him. They had hardly touched mud when Paugene's friends bore down to the rescue.

Seizing Allen by the collar, Harry O'Donnell jerked him to his feet, at the same time shoving the muzzle of a revolver between his teeth.

Allen twisted his head to one side, and instead of excavating a tunnel through his skull, the ball grazed his face, carrying off a fragment of his lip. At this juncture the police swooped down on the party and carried them to the station house. Neither would prefer a charge against the other, so they were released and returned to The Senate.

Allen's temper was now aroused, and in spite of his wounds, for both men had been badly mauled in the struggle, he demanded satisfaction. Paugene had enough, but his friend, Harry O'Donnell, took up the cudgel for him.

He, however, refused positively to continue the fight then, and he was induced to accept a meeting on Harrison street wharf the next night.

O'Donnell was a professional pugilist and had fought a couple of fights with credit. He was a scientific bruiser, and was called one of the best exponents of the "manly art" of the day, but he was doomed to experience a lesson he had not prepared himself for, and to find that science had no show in a rough-and-tumble encounter.

Allen and his friends came down from the village to Harrison street in boats, as was usual in those days before the era of street cars. O'Donnell and his followers met them.

The fight occupied about twenty minutes. It was of the rough-and-tumble order, in which Allen excelled, and he left O'Donnell one of the worst handled men New York ever saw even in those days.

The last round was a dramatic one.

The combatants had staggered to their feet, when O'Donnell made a rush for Allen. The latter imitated his friend Poole's tactics.

He ducked, and seizing O'Donnell by the ankles, tossed him over his head into the water.

A howl of mingled triumph and fury went up and a minute later Harrison street wharf was the scene of the freest sort of a free fight.

Pistols, knives, slungshots and brass knuckles were freely used, and the villagers were at last glad to take to their boats, such as were a little behindhand tumbling overboard, and being picked up by their friends, who had already got out of harm's way.

The followers of "Old Smoke" were now thoroughly aroused. They were on the war path and greedy for trouble. They swore over their potations that the villagers should suffer still worse, for like the tiger which has tasted blood they craved for more.

A few nights after the Harrison street fight Allen was at Poole's place at Howard street and Broadway, the "Bank Exchange," when a boy handed him a note. It read:

"I would like to see you very much at Brady's ball in Bayard street near the Bowery, at half-past 10, to-night."

As a matter of course Allen went, although he had not the slightest idea who Emma might be. Brady's dance house was the best place of its sort in New York at the time. All the sports and the liveliest of the girls of the east side assembled there nightly. A visit

from Allen was a sort of a trip into the lion's den, for the headquarters of the Bowery boys was only a block away at No. 40 in the Bowery. But no gentleman ignores an invitation from a lady, even if he don't know her, and Allen never stopped to think that the letter might be a decoy.

So he set out, accompanied by his friends Jim Campbell and Billy Irving.

They found the ball-room full, but could get no clew to the fair author of the mysterious invitation, and after a quarter of an hour's search the truth began to dawn on them.

"It was a stall," observed Jim Campbell.

"A regular plant!" said Billy Irving.

Allen rolled his cigar in his mouth.

"I guess you're right, boys," he said calmly, "but we've been fools enough to deserve all we get, so let's go and get it."

They left the ball room and found that this time at least they had not been deceived.

At the street door they were confronted by a murderous gang, headed by Bully Nelson, supported by Rob Linn, Hen Winkle, Pat Matthews and Sam Woods.

"So you were looking for Emma, were you?" remarked Nelson sneeringly.

"Well, we'll give you Emma," added Bobby Linn.

And they did.

The fight was one of the most desperate street encounters New York has ever seen. The three strangers were without a friend and overpowered by numbers. They expected to be killed and fought as desperate men will.

While the combat was at its height two policemen, Rogers and Sullivan, came up. They were disarmed at once. Rogers was shot and Sullivan beaten to a mummy. Then the crowd scattered.

It was about time.

The two policemen were taken to the hospital, where Rogers died. Allen was picked up insensible and carried to the Star Hotel at William and Frankfort street. His eyes had been gouged from their sockets and hung out on his cheeks. A skilful operation restored them, but for eleven weeks he lay on his bed, stone blind and brooding on vengeance.

On the very day his physician gave him leave to go out of doors for the first time he set out to obtain it.

He went from place to place, inquiring for Bob Linn, till someone told him that he had just gone down to Spring street to get supper. Allen took a boat and with his friend Bob Hadden, rowed down to the foot of the thoroughfare in question. They arrived there at about 6 o'clock, and leaving his companion in charge of the boat Allen went ashore.

He found his man in a popular restaurant known as Jackson's, in Spring street. There were two entrances to the place, opening from the street, with the cashier's desk between them. Linn was sitting near one entrance with his back to the other enjoying his supper. Allen saw at a glance that the room was full of enemies, and realized that whatever he intended to do had to be done quickly.

He reconnoitered with a second swift survey and then walked briskly in by the door behind Linn.

Seizing a heavy castor filled with bottles from the nearest table, Allen gripped his enemy by the collar with the other hand.

Then, yanking him back till his face was upturned he rained a shower of blows down on his countenance with the castor. The cruets smashed, gashing the victim's face to mince and the pepper, vinegar and mustard filled the wounds with a blistering paste. Linn rolled on the floor, making the roof ring with his howls of agony and Allen turned to make his escape.

But he found the front doors blocked.

His only path to safety lay by the back way. The kitchen door was closed, but there was a long, narrow opening in the wall with a shelf in front of it through which the comestibles were passed out to the waiters.

The fugitive seized this aperture up and concluded that he could get through it.

So he made a dive like a swimmer, slid through, and landed in a wreck of crockery on the kitchen floor.

The enemy made a rush, and bursting the door open, poured into the kitchen; but Allen had already got into the back yard. They pursued him through the next house and across West street to the wharf.

Hadden was nowhere to be seen, he having rowed around an adjacent wharf; so Allen sprang overboard, while the mob opened a fusillade of stones and whatever other missiles were convenient on him. By swimming under water the fugitive managed to escape with a few immaterial scratches till Hadden, whom the uproar had called to his post, picked him up and they rowed off.

The next morning was the occasion of another exciting occurrence.

The Hudson River Railroad had shortly before that time laid its track down West street to the Canal street depot. The sand boys were in the habit of loading their carts from the mountains of sand heaped up on the bulkhead from the sand sumps and schooners, every morning at about 4 o'clock. Fifty or sixty of them would back their carts up against the piles, and as the street between the railway and the dock was narrow, the forelegs of the horses would be on the track. A crusty old mail agent named Peck had charge of the mail car on the railroad, and it was a practice with him to drive down with the string of horses that towed the car at full speed, without giving any warning whatever. The car would strike the shafts of the first sand cart and send the whole row down together—horses and carts—like a row of bricks. Several of the horses had been badly injured or had their legs broken, and their owners were very naturally indignant.

It had been arranged to get even with old Peck, and the morning alluded to was the date set for that act of retribution.

A decoy horse and cart had been stationed half a block above the sand wharf, and at the wharf itself a barricade of logs had been thrown across the track. If the mail car stopped to give the decoy a chance to get out of the road it was safe.

But it did not stop.

On the contrary, it rolled on at full speed, sending horse and cart in a heap, and only came to a halt when it collided with the barricade.

Then a volley of stones rattled against the sides of the car, which was surrounded by dusky shapes, for day had scarcely dawned.

Old Peck responded by blazing away with his revolvers from the little window of the car, and the fire was kept up on both sides until the captain of a schooner moored at the dock, named Kilbane, came up to see what was going on. In order to assist in the fun, he brought his ship's blunderbuss, loaded with a keg or two of horse-shoe nails for the benefit of any river pirate who might happen along, up with him.

Snatching this antique but formidable weapon from him, Allen emptied it at the window of the mail car just as Peck opened fire with a fresh supply of pistols.

That ended the fight.

Three days later Allen was arrested and taken before Judge Davidson at the Jefferson Market Court. Peck preferred a charge against him and he was bound over for trial, Poole going on his bond. Morris Underhill, who at that time was a policeman, was also a court officer.

There had long been a feud between him and Poole, and while the bond was being made out for the latter to sign, words passed between them.

From words to blows was an easy transition, and the scene that followed baffles description.

Grappling one another, the two men rolled on the floor of the court-room in a desperate and merciless contest, while the judge and court officers called order and the friends of the combatants encouraged their champions with wild shouts. The noise reached the street, and bystanders crowded in until the very window ledges were thronged, and the roar they raised as one or the other contestant got in a bit of particularly fine work made the walls tremble and shake.

Such a scene had never been witnessed before, and probably never has since, except, perhaps, when the attempt to rescue "Red" Leary was made in the new Jefferson Market Court-house a couple of years ago. The police were powerless, for the few who were in the room could not move and those outside could not get in; so the fight went on to the bitter end, with the judge supervising it from the lid of his desk, and screaming at the top of his voice:

"Order! Order in the court, I say! Order! Order!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WORLD OF SPORTS.

ALL LETTERS, PORTRAITS AND COMMUNICATIONS IN REFERENCE TO SPORTING MATTERS TO BE ADDRESSED TO W. E. HARDING, SPORTING EDITOR, NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE, NEW YORK.

Answers to Correspondents.

MATT, Detroit, Mich.—Flora Temple's fastest time in harness was 2:19½.

H. J., New York City.—Billy Edwards, who resides in this city, teaches boxing.

H. W. G., Leadville, D. T.—Conquerer trotted 100 miles in 8 hours 55 minutes 53 seconds.

D. W., Jamestown, Pa.—"Glimpses of Gotham" is the book that will just suit you. No. 2.

H. G., Pottsville, Pa.—1. The length of the ship Great Eastern is 692 feet. 2. Yes; she is the largest ship ever built.

W. C., Burlington, Iowa.—1. If you read the sporting department of the GAZETTE you will gain all the necessary information.

MILL BOY, Rome, N. Y.—1. Seward ran 100 yards in 9½ sec., which is the fastest on record. 2. Dan Donnelly did fight in England.

POLLY, Davenport, Iowa.—The POLICE GAZETTE circulates 20,000 more copies than the Boston paper you name, and is still increasing.

W. S., Unionville, M. T.—Tom King and J. C. Heenan fought in England December 10, 1883. The latter won in 24 rounds in 35 minutes.

GEORGE BROCK, Waverly, N. Y.—1. Courtney has no record for that distance. 2. The distance was four miles. Wallace Ross' time was 29m. 54s.

POGILIST, Virginia City, Nev.—1. Jerry Donovan is a brother to Mike Donovan, and you win. 2. Tom Sayers and Aaron Jones fought a draw in England Jan. 6, 1887.

P. W., Framingham, Mass.—1. Jem Smith and Australian Kelly fought the longest prize fight on record, viz, 6 hours and 15 seconds. 2. It took place in Australia in 1855.

H. G., Boston, Mass.—You will be furnished with the great, startling, racy book, "Glimpses of Gotham," by forwarding ten three-cent postage stamps to R. K. Fox, this office.

TROTTER, St. Paul, Minn.—Ethan Allen and his running mate's time in their race with Dexter, at the Fashion Course, June 11, 1888, was as follows: First heat, 2:15; second, 2:16; third, 2:19.

GAHRMAN, Auburn, N. Y.—1. No. 2. Courtney has never rowed for any professional championship. 3. His time for three miles with a turn is 20m. 14½s, the fastest on record. 4. He has the strength, power and science to out-row any man in the world, but he is deficient of the pluck and courage which is necessary to make a first-class oarsman.

W. P., Columbus, O.—The following are the only races, horses against men, we have any record of: 1. At Chicago, Jan. 9, 10 and 11, 1879, in a 52-hour race, man against a horse, the stallion Hessing, Jr., made 201 miles and G. Guyon, pedestrian, 149 miles. 2. At San Francisco, Cal., October 15 to 20, 1879, six-day go-as-you-please race, men against horses. Pinafore, a hack horse, won first money, covering 557 3-7 miles. Nellie covered 543 4-7 miles and Dan McCarthy 518 miles. The leading pedestrian only covered 375½ miles.

JUMPER, Olean, N. Y.—1. Bob Way won the championship when he defeated Norman P. Bortles, at Pittsburgh, Pa., June 11, 1887. 2. Way's best jump in that contest was 12 feet 6½ inches. 3. Way jumped 12 feet 8½ inches when he won the championship at Chicago, July 11, 1887. His best performance was at Binghamton, N. Y., when he was defeated by Edward Seales of Sing Sing, N. Y. Way covered 12 feet 11½ inches. Seales covered 13 feet 2 inches, which was then the best single standing jump on record. Since it has been beaten both by Seales and other athletes.

G. H., Denver City, Col.—1. The first queen of the trotting turf was Lady Suffolk. Her best time to saddle was 2:26, and her time in harness 2:28. She also trotted two miles in 5:05, being then the best time ever made on the American turf. 2. She first appeared on the turf in 1838, and retired in 1852. Flora Temple was the next queen, her mile in harness in 2:19½, her two miles to wagon in 5:07, and her two miles to harness in 4:50½, being the fastest up to her retirement in 1861. In 1869 Lady Thorne won the title by her record of 2:18½; her reign, however, was of short duration, as her time was beaten in 1871 by Goldsmith Maid, with her record of 2:17, which she reduced in 1874 to 2:14. The Maid wore the laurel crown until August 12, 1880, when Mr. Vanderbilt's chestnut mare, Maud S., by her remarkable record of 2:11½, became the reigning queen.

W. M., Cincinnati, O.—1. Heenan fairly and squarely beat Tom Sayers, but the referee ran away on the appearance of the police and subsequently decided the fight a draw without having witnessed the end of it. 2. The police did not stop the fight, being unable to do so; they quietly looked on and saw it fought out to the close. 3. The battle terminated by Sayers being pulled through the ropes out of the ring in an insensible condition and in Heenan knocking down Sayers' seconds for not throwing up the sponge. Finally, while Sayers was being carried as lifeless as a bag of meal, he was in the ring proclaimed champion of the world. The late famous American's last act was to bound over the rope by placing one hand on one of the stakes, and then running to the railway at a race-horse pace. This is the way the great battle terminated which John Bull called a draw.

HINDOO, the crack two-year-old, is regaining his form.

PIERRE LORILLARD's Duke of Montrose is broken down.

AN open regatta will be held in Halifax, N. S., in October.

ROWELL is hard at work training at Cambridge, England.

At San Francisco, Sept. 10, R. S. Haley ran 220 yards on rough track in 23s.

PEGRAM and Howard, the American pedestrians leave for England on the 18th inst.

JOE GOSS was arrested at Detroit on the 14th inst. for prize fighting in West Virginia.

THE English pugilists, Pat Perry and Jim Highland, have been matched to fight for £100 a side.

HANLAN will row in the open-for-all race for \$5,000, on the Thames, England, in November.

ALREADY £10,000 is on hand in London to back Trickett, the Australian, in his match with Hanlan.

TOM ALLEN has decided to fight Alf Greenfield for £200 and the heavy-weight championship of England.

At Minneapolis, on Sept. 11, St. Julien, in an attempt to beat his record of 2:11½, trotted a mile in 2:13.

WESLEY P. BALCH, of Boston, has bought the great trotter, Parana, from C. F. Emery, of Cleveland, O., for \$16,000.

PADDY RYAN offers to fight any man in America for \$1,000 to \$2,500 and the heavy-weight championship of America.

THE Sporting Life, London, says Pat Perry is still open] to box any man in the world at 138 pounds, for £50 up to £200.

GEORGE ROOKE, the champion middle-weight pugilist, is ready to fight any middle weight in the world for \$1,000 a side.

ELIAS C. LAYCOCK, of Australia, and Thomas Blackman, of London, are to row over the Thames course for £200 on Oct. 5.

THE race horse Crickmore, owned by Gov. Rowie, of Baltimore, that beat Hindoo at Saratoga, has been placed out of training.

THE rumor that Captain James Franklin has recently sold the suckling brother to Luke Blackburn for \$4,000 is not true.

On the 21st inst., at New York, Bibby and Bauer are to wrestle for \$1,000 and the Græco-Roman wrestling championship of America.

ERNEST VON SCHOENING, the champion swimmer of America, failed to close the terms of a match with George Fearn, the champion English swimmer.

CORTES, the English champion amateur bicycle rider of England, recently covered 10 miles in 50m. 4-5s., beating the fastest time on record by 12s.

WILLIAM HOWES and A. Hancock are to walk heel and toe for the 26-hour championship belt of England and £100, on Oct. 1, at Islington, England.

THE Holske-Armstrong walking match of fifteen miles, for \$500 a side, which was to take place on the 28th inst., at the Manhattan Athletic Club track, is off.

COURTNEY offers to row his three-mile race with Riley at Rochester, and agrees to beat the fastest time on record if the Hop Bitters Company will give him \$1,000.

THE six-day walking match at Bristol, England, was won by Williams, who walked 412 miles. Parry, the holder of the O'Leary American belt, covered 393 miles.

In a ten-mile bicycle race at Alexandra Park, Cardiff, Wales, John Keele defeated G. T. Edmund, who had 1½ minutes' start, by two yards. Keele's time was 33m. 24½s.

SPECULATOR, one of the horses that entered in the O'Leary test race at Chicago, died last Friday. His owner claimed that he was poisoned or drugged with croton oil.

DARBY, the trotter, beat Charlie Ford in the open-to-all class at Boston, and Trickett won third money over Driver. Four heats were trotted, and the time was 2:17½, 2:18, 2:20½, 2:20.

At Virginia City, Nev., recently, Bill Madden had a glove fight with Jack Murphy, who is matched to fight Bryan Campbell for \$2,000. The New York pugilist came off with flying colors.

OWNEY GEORGEHAN, who keeps the Bastille in the Bowery, New York, offers to match an unknown to wrestle William Johnson, of Rutland, Vt., collar-and-elbow, for \$200 or \$500 a side.

THE contest for the championship of the National League of professional base ball players is rapidly drawing to a close. The Chicagoans are now so far in advance of all other competitors that it is almost impossible for them to be beaten.

DENNY HARRINGTON, the noted English pugilist, has issued a challenge to fight any man in England at 151 pounds for £200, and if the weight does not suit he will allow them six pounds. He is anxious to fight Greenfield, Tom Allen, or Tug Wilson.

MINNEAPOLIS, Sept. 11.—The twenty-mile race between Miss Cook, of California, and Miss Minnie Pinner, of Colorado, for \$5,000, was won by the former in 48:50, beating her competitor by nearly two miles. The race was witnessed by thirty thousand people.

THE proposed prize fight between Johnny Dwyer, of Brooklyn, and Paddy Ryan, the champion, still hangs fire. Ryan's backers offer to make the match for \$5,000 a side. Buffalo sporting men promise to find the same amount for Dwyer if he will agree to fight Ryan.

BRYAN CAMPBELL, of Gold Hill, formerly of Brooklyn, N. Y., who fought Harry Hicken and Davis Lewis, is to meet Jack Murphy, of Virginia City, in a prize fight near Virginia City on the 21st inst. The stakes are \$2,000, and the proposed mill is creating quite a sensation in Nevada and Colorado.

ONE of the most profitable sporting swindles is the various rowing regattas that are arranged either for the benefit of hotels or some advertising medium. Rockaway is now to arrange one of these regattas and to offer \$1,200 in prizes. Courtney, of course, will enter and the public again be humbugged.

WESTON is a light, feather-brained person, with a good deal more power in his legs than his head. At Providence, next month, he is again to attempt to beat the best record for running and walking six days. To accomplish the feat, Weston will have to cover over 565 miles, the record made by Frank Hart, the colored pedestrian, in the O'Leary belt contest held in New York last April. Weston's best record is 550 miles, made in England, when he won the Astley belt.

In the next issue of the Gazette will appear a picture of John McMahon, of Bakersfield, Vt., the famous collar-and-elbow wrestler.

THE AMERICAN PRIZE-RING.

Its Battles, Its Wrangles, and Its
Heroes—Great Fistic Encounters

Between Pugilists of the
Past and Present.

How Barney Aaron Whipped Johnny
Moneghan—How Jack Hillon Was
Killed and the Great Bat-
tle Between Joe Co-
burn and Harry
Gribben.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE POLICE GAZETTE, OF NEW YORK,
By WM. E. HARDING.

(Continued.)

After the Bradley and Rankin mill several fistic encounters took place during 1857, but the most important battle was between the famous Barney Aaron and Johnny Moneghan. The pugilists were bitter rivals and Moneghan's friends were confident he could whip Aaron.

The fight took place twelve miles from Providence, R. I., on September 2, 1857, and created quite a stir in the sporting world. The stakes were only \$200, but ten times that amount was wagered on the result.

Moneghan was twenty-six years of age and had proved himself to be a "driver" in the ring, while the son of old Barney Aaron, the "Star of the East," had not yet met with defeat.

The fight was a long and desperate one. Aaron adopted the tactics of Yankee Sullivan and out fought and out-generaled Moneghan.

Aaron won first blow in the first and gained first knock-down in the second round.

Eighty rounds were desperately contested, when Moneghan had both his eyes closed and was terribly punished, and Aaron was declared the winner.

The fight lasted three hours and twenty-two minutes. The battle was one of the best exhibitions of pluck and science and endurance ever witnessed, and both men proved themselves worthy of the name of pugilists.

Aaron was seconded by Hen Van Winkle of New York, and John E. Taylor of Boston.

Jack Hyde, of Liverpool, England, and Hobbs, of London, England, seconded Moneghan. The umpires were Jim Mattocks for Moneghan and Barney Ford for Aaron. Phil Perkins, of Boston, was referee.

Several small fights followed between pugilists of little fame during September, but on October 10th, 1857, another important battle took place which created quite a sensation in sporting circles.

The fight was the second battle between Denny Horrigan and Harry Lazarus.

The stakes were \$500 a side, and the battle was fought above Point Albino, Canada. Lazarus had already whipped Horrigan, as chronicled in our history of the American prize ring in the GAZETTE, and consequently he was again a heavy favorite.

The second battle was equal to the first, if not more desperate. Lazarus displayed great science and generalship, while Horrigan proved he was as plucky a lightweight as ever entered the ring.

One hundred and twenty rounds were desperately contested, when darkness came on after one hundred and twenty-eight rounds had been fought, in three hours and twenty minutes.

Bob Roe, of Buffalo, declared the fight a draw, and ordered the pugilists to meet on October 13th to decide the mill.

The day arrived and Lazarus was ready to fight, but Horrigan objected to Bob Roe again being referee, and a hitch ensued. The affair ended in a fizzle, as no other referee was selected, and the plucky Horrigan and the game, scientific Lazarus never fought again. The stakeholder returned the stakes, \$1,000, to each principal, much to the disgust of Lazarus, who was not to blame for the way the interesting match ended.

While the sporting world were excited over the Horrigan-Lazarus fiasco, Boston furnished a sensation.

Henry L. Sutton, a noted desperado, had murdered Jack Donovan in Boston. The victim was a particular friend of Jack Hillon, the "Limerick Boy," a pugilist of note. Hillon and Sutton had a dispute which the former desired to settle with "nature's" weapons.

Sutton remarked "that it was all humbug fighting with fists." "Why then did you kill Donovan?" said Hillon.

"Because that is the way to do with fighters," replied Sutton.

"Only cowards shoot, cut, and murder men," replied Hillon.

"Yes," replied Sutton, "I'm from Virginia and I can wind you up, and the same instant Sutton drew a long dirk knife and before Hillon was on his guard Sutton drove the murderous, glittering steel up to the hilt in the "Limerick Boy's" bowels, fatally wounding him.

Sutton was a terror and a desperado of the blackest kind and his hands were hardened by the use of the bowie knife and the revolver.

The West furnished the next prize fight. On October 20, 1857, Bill Blake, "Dublin Tricks" of the West and Tom Jennings fought for \$200 at Garbree Island, St. Louis.

Jennings stood 6 feet 3 inches in height, and weighed 155 pounds. He was big and muscular enough to fight any man in the world.

Blake stood 5 feet 11 inches in height, and weighed 185 pounds.

Nine rounds were fought and both pugilists received terrible punishment. Blake, who was beaten, then caught Jennings by the legs and threw him. A cry of foul was raised but the referee ordered the fight to proceed. Blake, who was nearly exhausted refused to fight and Jennings was declared the winner.

New Orleans furnished the next mill, which was a slashing encounter. The principals were Scotty and Con Keegan. Keegan was overmatched, Scotty weighing 26 pounds more than Keegan. One hundred and four rounds were fought, Keegan playing the drop game. In the 104th round Scotty hit Keegan a foul blow while the latter was falling and Keegan was declared the winner.

The fight lasted 1 hour and 44 minutes.

Bob Ligo Jr. Manchester, Eng., and Abe Crocker of Cumberland, R. I., fought for \$100 at Robin Hollow, Providence, R. I., on Oct. 20, 1857. Ten rounds were fought in 20 minutes, when Crocker refused to fight and Ligo was declared the winner.

The sporting world in New York was at this time in a blaze of glory. Harry Gribben, a noted English pugilist who had gained considerable notoriety by putting up a forfeit for Tom Hyer to fight Dominick Bradley, issued a challenge to fight any man residing in the State of New York for \$300 or \$500 a side. The challenge was a shy at Joe Coburn who quickly "picked up the gauntlet" and the important match was arranged.

Gribben was born in Belfast, Ireland; stood 5 feet 10½ inches in height, and in condition weighed 145 pounds. Prior to his coming to New York he fought several battles in England as will be seen by the following record.

At Liverpool, England, he defeated Dillon, in 13 rounds and 30 minutes. He next beat Lackey, in 16 rounds and 20 minutes. Gribben's luck changed when matched with Jim Clarke for £10 a side, Nov. 17, 1845, for an obstinate fight of 26 rounds in 57 minutes, brought Jim through as winner. Gribben next fought Moreton, for £10 a side, at Tarback Bottom, near Liverpool. Nov. 23, 1846, and Gribben won, beating that very efficient pugilist in 24 rounds and 30 minutes. Gribben's last fight in England was with Mark Brooks, of Bristol, for £10 a side, at Olive Mount, near Liverpool, June 28, 1847, when Mark beat Gribben, "Bristol fashion," in 19 rounds.

In 1854 Jem Parker was matched by Yankee Sullivan to fight Gribben for \$1,000.

The pugilists met near Niagara, on the 25th of April, 1854, the day before that appointed for the fight. By some misunderstanding Gribben's party went to Navy Island, near Buffalo, and Parker's party went to Point Albino, on the Canada shore. As previously mentioned, no fight took place, and the stakes were given to Parker, who, according to P. R. rules, was not entitled to them, as neither entered the ring.

Coburn and Gribben had to fight at 148 pounds, and Gribben's friends were confident that he could whip Coburn in spite of the fact that the latter had proved himself a wonderful pugilist in his great battle with Ned Price.

Coburn's friends were confident, for they not only thought he could whip Gribben, but any man in America. The proposed match created a furore all over the United States.

Scotty, of Brooklyn, trained Coburn at McComb's Dam, while Jimmy White trained Gribben at the once famous Cayuga House at Harlem.

The fight had been fixed for Nov. 11, 1857. Coburn met with an accident, and the day for the mill was postponed until the 18th of November. On Nov. 17th the pugilists were weighed. Coburn brought down the beam of the scale at 145½ pounds. Gribben weighed 147 pounds.

The battle ground selected was Point Albino, the pugilists' paradise; but the "trysting place" was changed, and the ring was pitched in Bertie county, Canada.

Coburn was seconded by Orville Gardner and Jimmy White (Gribben's seconding trainer), with Tom O'Donnell for umpire. Gribben was seconded by Jack Pyburn, of Brooklyn, and Hen Winkle, of New York, with Johnny Moneghan as his umpire.

At the 21st round Gribben came up in good trim, and led off with his left, but a chance blow from Coburn's left struck a peculiarly dangerous point just below the line of the heart, and the effect was "a stunner" for Gribben, so that he was literally knocked out of time by this single blow, concluding the fight in 30 minutes.

Coburn after he defeated Gribben was looked upon as a promising candidate for the championship.

Gribben attributed his defeat to the too fine weight at which he had been brought, and subsequently challenged Coburn to fight at catch weight, for from \$500 to \$1,000 a side; but although Coburn at first seemed inclined to accept no match was made, as the Gribben party refused to make a match.

The year 1857 ended with a mill between Dan Smith, Young Bendigo and Tom Farrell, two Pennsylvania pugilists. They fought on December 12, 1857, at Johnstown, Pa., for \$650, of which \$350 was furnished by Smith's backers.

Farrell was declared the winner. The fight lasted 57 minutes, in which 10 rounds were fought. Smith was scarcely punished, and it was claimed he sold the fight.

In next week's GAZETTE will appear the great battles fought in 1858.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Don't fail to read the great prize ring battles fought in 1858; interesting, startling and sensational, in next week's issue.

Pulling a Disorderly House.

Graphically told in the Second Edition of "Glimpses of Gotham." For sale by all newsdealers and book sellers. Price 25 cents. Richard K. Fox publisher, New York.

REVIEWING Bendigo, the English pugilist's career, the sporting writer of the London Telegraph says "the prize ring in England practically expired on the day that Heenan was beaten by Tom Sayers." Then the prize ring must still flourish in England, since the day that Heenan was beaten by Tom Sayers has never dawned.

At Detroit recently an exciting Græco-Roman wrestling match took place between R. Wright, of Detroit, and L. Marc, who tackled McLaughlin about eighteen months ago, and got his collar-bone broken the first fall. The match was for a purse of \$100, and was hotly contested for nearly two hours, when Wright won.

At the games of the Providence (R. I.) Caledonian Club, at Rocky Point, D. C. Ross threw a hammer 124ft. 5in. It has since been proved that the hammer did not weigh 13 lbs., handle and all; the iron does not weigh 12 lbs., and the handle is 2 inches longer than is allowed by the rules; so all the certificates and claims for a record fall to the ground.

J. B. CLARK, of the Empire City Athletic Club has issued a challenge to walk any amateur in America ten miles for the amateur championship. At New York, on Sept. 8, Clark and W. H. Purdy of the Empire Club both succeeded in beating the ten-mile walking record, 1h. 24m. 26s., made by E. E. Merrill, Aug. 3, 1879. Clark's time was 1h. 18m. 16s.; Purdy's, 1h. 20m. 20½s.

A NOTED New York sporting man, who admires good, honest hammer throwing, and wishes to see a fine performance, has left \$200 with The Spirit, which he will wager as follows: \$100 against \$5 that D. C. Ross cannot, on the grounds of the New York Athletic Club, on any day in September or October, 1880, throw 128 feet 8 inches with a genuine Caledonian 13 pound hammer; and \$100 against \$50 that he cannot throw that distance with any hammer of correct length, and which weighs, handle and all, 13 pounds.

COURTNEY, the oarsman, has written to Mr. Soule, president of the Hop Bitters Company, in which he says: "If James H. Riley will consent to row our match here, and your company offer me a prize of \$1,000, I will beat the best time ever made in a three-mile race, and prove that your faith in me has not been misplaced, and if I accomplish this I will row in the race for the prize offered by you in England." Mr. Soule has to think over Courtney's proposition, because the latter has made so many pie-crust promises.

In New York last week Pat Rooney, the comedian, gave Dooney Harris, the pugilist, his \$700 diamond ring to mind while he was intoxicated. Rooney wanted the ring returned before he was sober, but Harris refused to give it back until witnesses were present. Rooney called Detective Hess, who insisted on arresting Harris. The latter gave Hess an "auctioneer" and knocked him down, Hess got up and knocked Harris down. Harris was arrested, and on reaching the station house returned the ring. He was taken before a judge, who indorsed the pugilist's action in the matter and discharged him.

THE great race promoted by Daniel O'Leary, the famous pedestrian, in which horses were to travel 156 hours against men ended at Haverly Pavilion, Chicago, on the 12th inst. The race proved that men could travel farther in 156 hours than horses. At 10:45 o'clock Byrnes left the track, and the race was practically closed, although one or two of the horses dragged around the track until nearly midnight, when Byrnes again appeared and made another lap, receiving a perfect ovation as he went around. He appeared in good condition. The following is the closing score: Men—Byrnes, 578 miles; Krohne, 535 miles; Colston, 629 miles; Schoch, 420 miles. Horses—Betsy Baker, 568 miles; Rose of Texas, 545 miles; Bathman's entry, 526 miles; Dunn's entry, 525 miles. The prizes were presented in cash as follows: Byrnes, \$2,000; owner of Betsy Baker, \$1,000; owner of Rose of Texas, \$500; Krohne, \$250; Colston, \$150, and the sixth prize of \$100 was given to Mr. Bathman; but this was protested by Mr. Dunn, whose horse was less than a mile behind Bathman's.

A Thieves' Tavern.

Fully described in Second Edition of "Glimpses of Gotham." Price 25 cents. For sale everywhere. By mail, 28 cents from Richard K. Fox, publisher, 183 William street, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Fancy Pictorial Printing sent to any part of the United States. Samples and estimates furnished. Police Gazette Job Print, William and Spruce streets, New York.

MONEY AND MUSIC.—Mr. I. D. Stevens, of Lawrenceburg, Ind., was selected by members of the club to proceed to Louisville and collect the \$30,000 which they had drawn in the Commonweal Distribution Co. Drawing. The money was promptly paid him on his arrival, which fact he immediately telegraphed to his partners in luck. He returned on the next train and was welcomed home by a band of music, and when the news spread it made quite a stir in the quiet town of Lawrenceburg. The association will no doubt try again in the 24th Drawing, which takes place on 30th inst. \$2 is all a ticket costs. Send orders to R. M. BOARDMAN, Courier-Journal Building, Louisville, Ky., or 307 and 309 Broadway, New York.

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1. THAT THE COMMONWEALTH DISTRIBUTION COMPANY IS LEGAL.

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